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ROME.

IT is natural that the French press should have tried to force a sign of the future out of the simple fact that the EMPEROR caused the insertion in the *Moniteur* of the letter in which he offered terms to the POPE, and of the despatches in which the rejection of his offer was narrated. Men's minds are so fevered with expectation and anxiety that they catch eagerly at anything which promises an end to their troubles. They long that this wearing question of the Temporal Power should be settled somehow. It would probably be unwise to conclude that the EMPEROR meant to do more than to show that he was still free to act as he pleased, and that he had not pledged himself to the POPE any more than to Italy. The importance of the publication of these documents lies much more in the admissions they contain and the consequences they involve than in any light they throw upon the intentions of the EMPEROR. So far as his past history enables us to guess, we believe that the EMPEROR has scarcely any clearer knowledge of what France will do with Rome than the ordinary Parisian journalist has. He is waiting to see what will turn up, what will suit him best, and what the logic of facts will compel or permit him to do. He is swayed by conflicting motives, and enjoys a state of suspense which ensures him temporary safety and temporary importance. But events go on in spite of him and of every other single individual; and the public opinion of Europe, when formed on solid grounds and gradually assuming a definite shape, will, as he and every other statesman acknowledges, make some conclusion necessary before long. It is because they materially aid to form public opinion, and contain records of fact which cannot hereafter be disputed, that these papers are sure to produce considerable effect in the long run. They do not establish much that is new, but they put in a distinct form much that was before only a matter of suspicion.

In the first place, they throw a very valuable light on the policy of the Court of Rome. We are now furnished with an exposition of the calculations and motives that have influenced the POPE and his advisers. The EMPEROR invited the POPE to abandon the provinces he has already lost, to relieve himself from the weight of public debt, and to take a solemn guarantee from the Powers that were parties to the Treaty of Vienna that the remnant of his possessions should be his for ever by inviolable right. Cardinal ANTONELLI replied that the same Powers had already guaranteed the whole of his dominions, and yet that two-thirds of them had been taken away from him. If a guarantee did not protect him from open spoliation, of what use could it possibly be? It was in vain that the representative of France promised that the new guarantee should be of a particularly binding and solemn kind. The CARDINAL stuck to his point. Every guarantee would be abandoned as soon as the motives which actuated the guaranteeing Powers were no longer effective. There is no question that the CARDINAL was right. For a time, the Papacy might gain by coming to terms; but, sooner or later, the question would arise whether the guarantee should be really put in force. England was among the foremost of the POPE's friends in 1815, and he owes the retention of his temporal power in all its integrity to nothing more than to the jealousy which a Protestant Government felt of the possible influence that its Catholic neighbours might exercise, through the POPE, over its subjects. Now, England not only permits this portion of the Treaty of Vienna to be violated, but delights in its violation, because the anxiety to relieve the suffering subjects of the POPE from oppression has overpowered her jealousy of her Catholic neighbours. In the same way, the new guarantee of the remnant of the Papal territory would be given because Europe wanted to shelve a question that disturbed it. But if serious difficulties arose, if the Romans rose against the POPE, if the choice of the people was evidently

in favour of a junction with Italy, and the Papal Government lapsed into a state of anarchy, the same motives that had urged the great Powers to give the guarantee would in time impel them to withdraw it. The advisers of the POPE see clearly what would happen. They know that the subjects of the POPE would be sure to rebel against him, and that either the capital of Catholicism would exhibit the revolting spectacle of a perpetual tiny civil war, or the POPE would have to ask for foreign aid. The guarantee would not protect him against enemies within his own boundaries, and would therefore be useless. It is far more politic in the POPE to speculate on the selfishness, the timidity, and the kindly feelings of the French and their EMPEROR. So long as he makes no concessions, there is a good chance that they will stay on, and if they stay on, the fragment of his country that is left to the POPE really belongs to him. But if he makes concessions, and the French leave Rome, no guarantee can protect him from the Romans, and he will lose everything. It is precisely because it is clearly seen and avowed by all parties that he would lose everything if the French went, that the EMPEROR cannot face the risk of going.

We know now that there can be no reforms granted in the Roman States; for the POPE declares he will agree to none until he is restored to all that was his own, while the EMPEROR declares that this restoration is not to be thought of. The EMPEROR has also recorded, in the most deliberate way, his opinion, that the unreformed Government of the POPE condemns the Romans to eternal stagnation and oppression. We cannot think that these admissions on both sides will be inoperative. It was always thought barely possible that the Government of the POPE was not, at least in French eyes, quite so bad as had been represented, and that the POPE would not always hold it to be a religious duty to keep a bad Government as bad as possible. But we know now that the EMPEROR, who loves to parade it as the mission of France to be the angel of freedom to the suffering peoples of the world, is well aware that he is maintaining by force a Government that condemns its subjects to stagnation and oppression, while the Sovereign of this unhappy people declares that this stagnation and oppression shall continue until something happens which the EMPEROR declares to be impossible. It will be only because Europe pronounces the prolonged maintenance of the Temporal Power to be a great political crime that the EMPEROR will be forced or persuaded to put an end to it; and Europe will be induced to come to this conclusion much more rapidly when such admissions as these have been made. The daily wrongs done under shelter of the Papal name are the arguments which Europe cannot resist. The misery of the Romans within the Papal territory, and the brigandage without under Papal protection, are facts before which theories of divine authority or political expediency fade away. No one can doubt that the Italian Government has done its best to suppress brigandage, and that its efforts would long ago have been successful if the robbers had not had the Papal territory as a den of escape. The tales of brigandage grow worse rather than better within the area where the protection of the POPE is effectual. So far as the brigands can make an easy raid from the Papal frontier, they indulge every passion with growing audacity. They have, for the time, succeeded in interrupting the construction of the railway that was to unite Rome with Naples; and they now victimize women, as well as murder and rob men. It is monstrous that the POPE should countenance the issue from his dominions of ruffians who go to ravish and rob to the glory of God and in honour of the Church. It is even more monstrous that the POPE should say that these things shall go on for ever, because the French, who alone make these perpetrations possible, dare not bid them cease. The national cry of the Italians for Rome is a powerful agent in making Italy feel its unity to be

a reality, but it is only a sentiment and an aspiration. Europe would be slow to permit the abolition of so ancient and venerable a sovereignty as that of the POPE, in obedience to the fancy of the Italians for a new capital. But the "eternal stagnation and oppression" of the subjects of the POPE is not a sentiment, but a fact; and the POPE, by declaring that he will never consent to its being removed, has thrown the whole responsibility of continuing it on the EMPEROR.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

THE American war has unexpectedly become the most bloody and obstinate struggle of modern times. While the contest is raging in Kentucky and in other parts of the West, the main armies of Virginia and the Potomac have, for the third time during the summer, been engaged in a week of battles. The contest in Maryland seems to have been as severe as the successive series of battles which ended in the repulse of M'CLELLAN, and in the utter discomfiture of POPE. On the last occasion it appears that fortune was more equally balanced, and, if a portion of the Federal accounts can be received as credible, the Southern army has received a serious check; but the report of the capitulation of 6,000 Federal troops at Harper's Ferry is more authentic than the characteristic statement that M'CLELLAN had captured 15,000 of the enemy, including General LONGSTREET. The object of General LEE's advance into Maryland is at present imperfectly understood. He must have been aware that the population could not prudently adhere to his cause until he had proved his ability to maintain himself on the North of the Potomac. His position was evidently dangerous, so long as a great army lay at Washington, with full opportunity of moving on his flank and on his rear. By menacing Pennsylvania he could only increase the hostile armaments, and he could not expect to occupy Baltimore, except as the reward of a decisive victory. On the whole, it seems probable that his principal purpose was attained when he forced the Federal commander to leave his entrenchments at Washington and meet him in the open field. After the battles of Groveton and Bull's Run, General LEE might reasonably trust in the superior quality of his own troops, and he perhaps supposed that the Federal army was hopelessly discouraged and demoralized by defeat. General M'CLELLAN, however, with the army which had recently landed at Alexandria, had not personally shared the disasters of POPE; and General BURNSIDE was still, in the language of Northern newspapers, invincible, because he had never had the opportunity of gaining a victory or of incurring a defeat. On the whole, the Federal troops and their general deserve credit for the readiness with which they advanced once more to try their strength with their formidable adversaries. They have, apparently, succeeded in compelling the Confederates to abandon their attempt upon Maryland; and in the present stage of the war, even a temporary interruption of the Southern triumphs will have an important effect in reviving the spirit and confidence of the North. The surrender of a small Federal army in Kentucky, with all its artillery, will be forgotten in the exultation which welcomes M'CLELLAN's success.

Unfriendly observers probably exaggerate the dangers of political faction and internal discontent. To appreciate the meaning of American vociferation, it is necessary to transpose the high-pitched clamours into a lower key. The Abolitionists and the Democrats denounce each other as traitors, and either party insinuates that the PRESIDENT and his advisers share the guilt which it imputes to its adversaries. For the present, however, both factions are compelled to affect a common enthusiasm for the prosecution of the war, and although there is a well-founded distrust of the ability of the Government, no rival has yet appeared of sufficient personal importance to compete with the constitutional authority of Mr. LINCOLN. The squabbles of stump-orators are dwarfed in the presence of the military struggle which must practically decide all subordinate and incidental quarrels. The great majority of the people will never ask whether a successful General is Republican or Democrat, and the ignominious defeat of General POPE has perhaps tended to shake the popular belief that arrogant ostentation and lawless violence are proofs of efficiency and of vigour. Northern Americans have always talked as if the glory of their country corresponded to its material prosperity. Now that they are apparently beginning to have a history of their own, they will perhaps learn in some degree to regulate their language with some reference to the comparative magnitude of events. They have amassed an enormous debt in the conduct of a gigantic war; they will soon have an

army of veteran soldiers, and in time they will probably discover a general. The most inveterate habits of exaggeration ought to be corrected by familiarity with transactions which are large enough to dispense with bombast. The Confederates, who were in earnest from the first, have been surprisingly modest, and even reticent, in the commemoration of their own exploits; and the noisy brawlers of the North have in some degree redeemed their vapouring language by their pertinacity in the struggle. As the war proceeds, the talkers will become more and more insignificant in comparison with the men of action. The politicians of the army may be made useful, like General CORCORAN, as recruiting officers to attract the rabble, but they will not be trusted in the field. It may have been observed that in the recent battles General BANKS has been prudently and systematically kept at a distance from the enemy. General BUTLER is employed as a Provost-Marshal on a large scale in a city which was captured, as it is still protected, by a flotilla of gunboats. He has lately been provided with an equally unscrupulous colleague or lieutenant in the person of General MITCHELL, who is at least a professional soldier.

General M'CLELLAN, although he is classed as a Democrat, appears wisely to confine himself to his military duties. His recent successes will probably silence the agitators in New England and New York who lately took the occasion of the disasters in Virginia to demand the establishment of an Abolitionist army. The antagonism which exists between faction and patriotic feeling has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the impudent proposal that the further conduct of the war should be entrusted to General FREMONT. Ignorant of war, habitually insubordinate to superiors, and strongly suspected of pecuniary corruption, the ex-candidate for the Presidency is only recommended by his profession of Abolitionist doctrines. It was to organize a negro insurrection, and not to defeat LEE or JACKSON in the field, that the Republican Mayor of New York proposed, on the refusal of the PRESIDENT, to place General FREMONT at the head of 50,000 men, under a commission from the Governor of the State. It was, at the same time, demanded that the present Cabinet should give way to the leaders of the extreme Radical party, with the professed intention of emancipating and arming the slaves in the South. The Democrats would be fully justified in their charge of treason against their more fanatical opponents, if the scheme of restoring the Union by the forcible abrogation of its conditions had attained any practical consistency. The enlistment of a separate army, under a political partisan, is almost as violent a measure as the Southern secession; but there is not the least reason to suppose that fifty men of the proposed fifty thousand would have taken up arms for the fantastic purpose of emancipating the negroes. The leaders of the faction would have been glad to place their favourite officers in high command, but the remainder of the project was designed as a mode of irritating political adversaries rather than as an act of sedition. The object of the agitation was partially attained when the PRESIDENT, in pursuance of his usual policy of trimming, appointed General MITCHELL, who is less notoriously incompetent than FREMONT, to a subordinate command in the South.

The Democrats have devised a still more singular mode of expressing their opinions in the superlative or transcendental form which belongs to American habits and tastes. Concurring with their opponents in their estimate of Mr. LINCOLN's qualifications, and affecting to outbid them in devotion to the Union, the self-styled Conservatives are beginning to suggest that JEFFERSON DAVIS might, after all, be the fittest President of the re-united States. It is an ingenious device to treat the war between two hostile communities as a domestic struggle for political supremacy. If the Confederates would only humour the agreeable fiction, the Democrats might claim the victories of LEE and JACKSON as triumphs of their own. The fortune of war would merely have reversed the vote which placed a Republican President in office, and the adoption of the amended Confederate Constitution would be only a Constitutional reform. Theories of this kind are, however, not to be subjected to a more literal interpretation than the opposite extravagances of the extreme Abolitionists. At the utmost, rational Democrats desire, under a figurative disguise, to suggest the expediency of acknowledging irreversible facts as a preparation for peace. Noisy professions of faith in the inevitable restoration of the Union only imply a belief that popular opinion is not yet ripe for negotiation. The Democrats were probably not less sincere than their adversaries in their dislike to Secession; but they are not blinded by purposeless hatred or desire for revenge. If they recover a portion of their former power in the elections which are now pending, they may possibly

use their influence in calming the passions which both factions have hitherto flattered and encouraged. The retreat of the Confederates beyond the Potomac, and the partial restoration of the credit of the Federal army, may perhaps incline the North to listen to moderate counsels. It would have been impossible to surrender Washington, and it would have been humiliating to make peace immediately after a defeat; but the Federal leaders must be aware that they have only repelled an invasion, and that they have to recommence from the beginning all their schemes of conquest.

RUSSIA.

THE Russians are in a stage of civilization in which religious or historical ceremonies may sometimes, through their effect on the imagination, produce practical results, and the Emperor ALEXANDER has perhaps been well advised in taking the opportunity of commemorating at Novogorod the first authentic epoch in the annals of the nation. The marvellous Norman race which established its royal or aristocratic supremacy in all parts of Europe, from Scotland to Sicily, first converted the obscure city of Novogorod into the cradle of the Russian Empire. A few years after the settlement or accession of RURIK, his successors began to infest the Greek dominions with piratical expeditions, and the Byzantine Emperors and Patriarchs determined the whole course of subsequent Russian history by persuading the fierce Northern chieftains to adopt, for themselves and their subjects, the Eastern type of Christianity. The separate communion which cut off Russia from the sympathies of Western Europe afterwards enabled the Tartars to reduce the people and the dynasty to servitude, and it has greatly impeded the spread of European civilization. In modern times, however, the Russian Emperors have found that the control of a Church of their own might serve as a useful instrument in the spread of their dominion. From the White Sea to the Southern extremity of the Morea, the Orthodox Autocrat is regarded with reverence or with hope. His agents habitually cultivate the belief that an ancient prophecy will at last be fulfilled by the establishment of a Russian throne at Constantinople; and, by a politic confusion of ideas, the attacks of heathen marauders from the Dnieper on the Christian Emperor of Rome are fancifully connected with the hostilities of the last two centuries against the Mahomedan conquerors of Constantinople. The Russian peasantry are not deeply versed in the study of ancient history, nor are nations in general critical in their acceptance of legends which flatter patriotic vanity. All Frenchmen habitually believe that the great German EMPEROR who reigned at Aachen was a French predecessor and prototype of their own NAPOLEON. The English formerly interested themselves in a fabulous genealogy of British princes who, if they had existed at all, would have been of Celtic blood. The Americans, in the noonday light of history, have invented for themselves an imaginary pedigree under the blundering nickname of the great Anglo-Saxon race. The promoters of the recent millennial celebration at Novogorod may be contented with a far smaller licence in the interpretation and development of history. No records can be more barbarous, obscure, and ignominious than those of Russia before PETER THE GREAT, and the ANNES and ELIZABETHS, the CATHERINES and the PAULS of the eighteenth century can scarcely be represented in heroic proportions; yet the consolidation of the greatest homogeneous monarchy in Christendom, if not a glorious achievement, is yet a great and significant event. The faint appearance of organic centres of life at Kiow, Novogorod, or at Moscow, though it may have been the first conscious beginning of national unity, was not the origin of Russian existence. The Scandinavian dynasty first made the world acquainted with the name of Russia, but the most numerous and powerful of Slavonic races must have been there beforehand, and the "pear that was rotten before it was ripe" typifies only the accidental form of civilization which was adopted by the ROMANOFF princes, and by the nobility of the Court. The people who inhabit the vast provinces of the empire have a character of their own, and they have adhered with singular tenacity to their ancient customs. The agitation which now troubles all ranks of society is founded as much on attachment to past traditions as on aspirations for social or political progress. The nobility, although their constitutional theories are borrowed from English practice or from French speculation, can refer to ancient contracts between the sovereign and the nation as a pretext for their demand of a share in government and legislation. The peasants, under the guidance of revolutionary teachers, look farther back to the days of a Federal Republic; and the agra-

rian customs which prevail in serf communities coincide but too closely with the subversive projects of modern communists. The EMPEROR probably wishes to remind all classes of his subjects that the history of the nation dates from the predominance of a single ruler. By a strange reverse, the drilled monotony of the Russia of NICHOLAS has broken up into a chaotic confusion of jarring political projects. Ethnological theorists have found in Russia the most promising field for their speculations, and fierce disputes are raging as to the national character and legitimate destinies of districts equal in extent and population to European kingdoms. While the Poles demand the restoration of their mediæval provinces, Russian pamphleteers retort by loud pretensions to the recovery from an intrusive oligarchy of those sections of the kingdom where the peasantry are of Russian race and extraction. In practice, the range of Russian sympathies will probably be found to coincide with the limits of the Greek Confession. Catholic Poland will regard the bond of the Latin communion as more binding than analogies of dialect or proved identity of descent.

The emancipation of the serfs complicates with grave social difficulties the political embarrassments of the Empire. ALEXANDER II. is not to be blamed for the dangers and troubles which accompany an inevitable revolution. The concession of freedom to the peasantry must have been granted sooner or later, and there is no reason to suppose that delay would have facilitated the process. The distress and depression which followed the Crimean war, and the vague hopes which were stimulated by the accession of a new Sovereign, prepared the minds of the whole community for a bold and novel policy. While the nobles were demanding a share in the government, it might seem not unseasonable to require on their part the sacrifices which were necessary for the general good of the population. On the other hand, the landowners are scarcely to be blamed for their slackness of adhesion to a scheme which threatened themselves with ruin, and the whole country with anarchy. The Russians are not, like the Southern Americans, prejudiced in favour of slavery, but they are well aware that the peasants have, from time immemorial, regarded the land which they occupy as their own; and it is difficult to substitute money rents, or regulated supplies of labour, for the personal services which the lord has habitually enforced upon his dependents. The emancipated serfs readily apprehend their own liberation from their former masters, and they are unwilling to listen to the terms of the new bargain which has been made in their behalf. When the Government begins to enforce the rights of the landowners, the people are disappointed, and they believe, or pretend to believe, that the gentry and the subordinate officials are misrepresenting and perverting the benevolent designs of the CZAR. At the same time, the nobles complain that they are not allowed the indirect compensation for their losses which might be found in the exercise of political activity and freedom. In their provincial Assemblies they have expressed an earnest desire for a representative Constitution, and they are sufficiently confident in their own strength to propose that equality of rights shall be extended to all classes of the community. Amid the conflicting grievances of churches, of races, of peasants, and of nobles, the only common sentiment is universal discontent. The moderation and good intentions of ALEXANDER operate like a general thaw on the stagnant uniformity which had been maintained by the despotic selfishness of his father. Confused motion, with its attendant deformity and disorder, takes the place of lifeless rest. The smooth roads become impassable, the surface of the water is neither solid nor liquid, and the spring vegetation has not yet perceptibly commenced. The millennial festival may perhaps be the beginning of a new and hopeful season for Russia, but its celebration takes place under other than genial auspices.

The Emperor ALEXANDER has taken the opportunity to exhort all classes of his subjects to acquiesce in the situation of affairs, and to content themselves with the discharge of their respective duties. The nobles are informed that the recent changes are irrevocable, and the peasants are warned that they are to expect nothing beyond the boons which they have already received. Imperial commonplaces may be received with ostensible respect, but neither the Government nor the nation can retain their present position. It will be necessary either to associate the gentry in the public administration, or to perpetuate a semi-Oriental despotism by an alliance between the Crown and the peasantry. If the EMPEROR wishes to raise his subjects by degrees to the level of European civilization, he ought to profit by the happy chance which provides a landed aristocracy as the support and nucleus of a free community. It is not the fault of the nobles that they have hitherto only been able to distinguish themselves as courtiers

or as soldiers. Their anxiety for a share in the management of public affairs is a favourable indication of civil and political aptitude, and the descendant of Rurik might not inappropriately restore, after a thousand years, some portion of the liberties which his ancestor suppressed in the rude republic of Novogorod. The rumour that a Constitution was to be proclaimed on the occasion of the millennial anniversary has not been confirmed. Even if a representative system were established, the experiment might perhaps fail, and, at the best, it would leave many difficulties at home and abroad, which would tax all the resources of the Government and of the national Council. The project, however, of pursuing a liberal policy by the sole authority of the Crown is altogether chimerical. The EMPEROR must either lean on the support of the upper classes, or he must rely on the material force of the army and of the imperfectly civilized peasantry. The choice will furnish a test of his character, and determine his future place in history.

CANADA—CUI BONO?

THE relations between Great Britain and her North American dependencies have been recently and repeatedly canvassed and criticized in almost every aspect—political, financial, military, and ecclesiastical—which those relations can assume. Imperial and Colonial Parliaments, the representatives of sovereign authority, and the organs of public opinion at home and in the colonies, have for some time past addressed themselves to this question with an earnestness which seems to imply either an impending crisis, or, at all events, the pressure of a problem the solution of which cannot with safety be indefinitely delayed. It is, under these circumstances, no matter of surprise that the mutual obligations of Canada and Great Britain should have attracted the attention, and furnished a topic for the deliberations, of a body so peculiarly qualified for its discussion as the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

"What is the use of Canada to England? What is the value received by us for the costs incurred in the protection of a colony which closes its ports to our manufactures, while it garrisons its cities with our troops?" These are questions so often asked and so seldom answered, and yet so perplexing withal to the uninitiated in the mysteries of colonial government, that any chance of a ray of daylight dawning through the darkness could not but be anticipated with satisfaction by those who, a few days ago, formed Mr. GALT's audience in the Town Hall of Manchester. The intelligent congregation which seated itself under his ministry appears, from the subsequent discussion which took place, to have been tolerably well "posted up" in the subject-matter of his discourse. They seem to have already known pretty well, in common with the rest of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, what England had done for Canada. What they wanted to know was, what Canada had done or was likely to do for England. They knew, for it was sufficiently notorious, that the latter had bestowed on the former not only bishops and ball-cartridges, officers to flirt with her young ladies, and capitalists to construct her railways, but, what was more valuable than all, the absolute and uncontrolled powers of local self-government. All this was matter of history, with which not only Manchester merchants, but fourth-form school-boys, might be presumed to be familiar. What the Chamber of Commerce did not know, but wanted to know, was the nature and amount of valuable consideration, present or future, claimable by Great Britain in return for all these imperial benevolences, by the terms expressed or implied in the colonial bargain. And what missionary could be better qualified to enlighten their political ignorance, and to pour into their spirits the balm of commercial consolation, than the ex-Finance Minister of Canada? The only drawback to his command over his hearers was that experienced by all preachers of charity-sermons, clerical or lay—namely, that which arises from the anticipation that, even if the plate is not sent round at the end of the discourse, it may possibly contain insidious appeals to your future liberality. So the gentlemen of Manchester buttoned up their pockets, and opened their ears to hear what GALT could tell them.

But, unfortunately for his hearers, the Finance Minister—following the example of other Ministers of a higher calling, who, in another and more solemn class of expositions, evade that which is difficult and inexplicable, and dwell on that which is already self-evident to the meaneast capacities among their audience—told the merchants and manufacturers of Manchester only what they had all known long ago; or, if he

occasionally attempted to enliven his lecture with any novelties, they were unlucky of a nature which the stony and unbelieving hearts of his congregation were unwilling to accept. After a somewhat pompous statistical review of the last decade of Canadian history, during which period the population, wheat-production, and cultivated acreage of the colony have, as he informs us, been more than doubled—after justifying and applauding the application of the 12,000,000*l.* sterling which forms the present public debt of Canada to the purposes of providing that colony with canals, railways, lighthouses, and other miscellaneous conveniences—Mr. GALT goes on to explain how it comes to pass that a colony so prosperous as to have provided itself at a very early state of its existence with all the comforts which other and maturer nations still lack, has no political alternative but to pay for those comforts by a tax of 20 per cent. on the manufactures of Manchester. Canada, Mr. GALT admits—though of course she is to be permanently protected and garrisoned by England—must do something towards paying the interest on her own debt. So far so good. But Canada, he goes on to tell us, cannot of course be so wicked or unwise as to meet this obligation by imposing duties on tea, sugar, or tobacco, which, being now imported at a low rate into the United States, would be inevitably smuggled across the frontier to the loss of the Canadian Treasury and the detriment of Canadian morals. For the same reason, to raise any large revenue by an excise on spirits is, he alleges, impossible. The admission of all raw materials duty free has, as the same authority loftily assures us, been always a fixed maxim of commercial policy in the colony whose finances he expounds. And then, after attempting to elicit a cheap cheer from the men of Manchester by a stout disclaimer of any Protectionist tendencies on the part of himself or his fellow colonists—who have, in fact, no manufactures to protect, and are too poor and witless to make anything but nails and coarse woollens—Mr. GALT sits down, leaving to his audience, as the net result of all his oratory, the distinct assurance that if they wish to retain that "bright gem of the British Crown" which he has placed in so brilliant a setting, the very lowest figure at which they can hope to do so is by submitting placidly to a permanent duty of 20 per cent. against their own manufactures.

It is not very wonderful that more than one of the intelligent auditory who had patiently endured an oration which occupies two closely-printed columns in the daily newspapers, should have manifested an inclination to question the facts and inferences of Mr. GALT on a subject in which their interests no less than their opinions were involved. Nor is it surprising, under the circumstances, that the curtain should have fallen on a rather animated discussion, concluding with a vote of thanks, not to the Canadian Finance Minister, but to the municipal dignity of Manchester who presided on the occasion. Nevertheless, this Manchester gathering, if not producing precisely the result desired by Mr. GALT, will at all events have the advantage of placing before the commercial, as well as the political world, in a narrower and clearer form than before, the issue which, sooner or later, must be tried by Parliament and the country—namely, on what conditions our colonial relationships, if they are to be made worth retaining, are to be re-established.

If the members of the Chamber of Commerce who took part in the recent discussion are to be taken as the exponents of the opinions of Manchester, the inhabitants of that city have no more wish than those of England at large, to bring our Colonial Empire to the test of the balance-sheet. All they say is, that colonies, like gold and all other good things, may be bought too dear. To justify and explain an extortionate import duty of 20 per cent. on British manufactures, on the plea that the St. Lawrence canals, constructed by the aid of Imperial guarantees, have cheapened the export to England of Canadian bread-stuffs, is not only absurd, but is in itself an impertinence and a reflection on the intelligence of the community to which such arguments are addressed. The only inference to be drawn from such a line of reasoning, as emanating from the lips of a Canadian ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, is that a colony which, during the century of its existence, has had the discipline of three wars and one rebellion, may of late have been enfeebled and enervated by Imperial nursing to such a degree that the intellectual vigour of her public men may have partaken of the emasculating influences of a system which has given them the patronage and the pastime, without the burdens and responsibilities, of constitutional Government.

Mr. GALT hints at a Federal Union of the provinces of British North America as a possible means of consolidating

their resources for self-defence, and harmonizing the motives which influence their fiscal legislation. This idea which, so far from being novel, has long attracted the attention of Imperial and colonial statesmen, has at all events the merit of holding out a prospect, however remote, of the reconstruction, on a basis more equal, and therefore more likely to be lasting, of those bonds which connect us with our Transatlantic fellow-subjects. A rapidly-increasing population of three millions and a half, if they could only agree on a metropolis, merge all local jealousies, and obliterate that distinction of interests which even the artificial boundaries which separate the Lower Provinces from Canada have not succeeded in establishing, might perhaps grow as rapidly in political science as in material prosperity. Statesmen might then arise to administer their affairs, who, instead of measuring the profoundness of their policy by the depths to which it was warranted to dive into the pockets of British taxpayers, and by the refinements by which it could irritate and injure British trade, would adopt the nobler aim of qualifying, by all appliances within their reach, the community whose destinies they were appointed to regulate and control, for that coming period when the years of their apprenticeship should be passed, and nature should pronounce them free. But, in any case, the GALT theory cannot long survive its distinct enunciation; and whether Canada chooses to retain her distinct colonial existence, or to link herself with her sister provinces in North America, it must be on some other terms than those which allot all the privileges of freedom to herself, and all its burdens to the Parent State, that she must renew, if at all, her lease of allegiance to Imperial England.

M. VICTOR HUGO ON THE PRESS.

M. VICTOR HUGO was recently entertained by his publishers at Brussels, and sixty or seventy journalists and writers were invited to meet him. If a similar compliment had been paid in England to Mr. DICKENS or to Sir BULWER LYTTON, the interest of the proceedings would have been exclusively social and literary; nor could the most ingenious orator have found anything new or striking to say about the press and its liberty. As the Whigs used to announce, when they were out of office, sixty or seventy years ago, "the liberty of the press" is the air we breathe; if we have it not, we die. It is, at least, so far like the atmosphere, that Englishmen have ceased to be conscious of its presence, or to be capable of imagining its absence. M. HUGO, addressing an audience of Frenchmen, some of them his partners in exile, may be excused for expatiating on the necessity and importance of a right which is absolutely withheld from his countrymen. "The voice of 'warning' is, according to his indignant pun, 'itself' exposed to warnings, as if the owl were to warn the 'cock not to proclaim the advent of day.'" When the Imperial Government represses public discussion, there is, unfortunately, no reason to believe that it outrages the public opinion of the country. The newspapers which caused the revolution of 1848 excited the just resentment of the more respectable classes; and the peasantry who voted for the Empire, as well as the army which upholds it, despise and dislike liberty in general, and the freedom of the press in particular, as the organ of independent thought. The educated minority, which is the natural and indispensable guardian of freedom, is unpopular and powerless in France. Notwithstanding his genius, his courage, and his self-sacrificing honesty, M. VICTOR HUGO, in common with all the party of revolution, is, to some extent, responsible for the existence of the despotism which he denounces and deplores. Another generation of reformers will perhaps discover, or rather submit to be taught, that between democratic socialism and liberty it is necessary to choose. M. LOUIS BLANC and others of the company at Brussels, if they had the power of moulding the world to their own favourite pattern, would establish a dictatorship more stringent and pervading than the absolutism of the revived Empire. M. VICTOR HUGO is himself sincerely attached to freedom, but he would reconcile it with impossible conditions. It is surprising that it should never occur to an enthusiastic advocate that the liberty of the press is already enjoyed in ideal perfection by the old-fashioned, obstinate English nation. "In the nineteenth century, after the French Revolution, there 'is hope, there is certainty;' and, it may be added, that in the nineteenth century, notwithstanding the French Revolution, there is one country which, in default of equality and fraternity, is absolutely and habitually free. As M. HUGO apparently differs from Mr. BRUNN in his estimate of the social liberty of

France, it might be worth his while to investigate the causes of the political liberty of England.

The occasion of the banquet at Brussels was the brilliant success of M. HUGO's polemic romance, and, whatever criticism may apply to the scheme of the work and to its doctrines, it would be unjust to place the *Misérables* on the level of an ordinary novel. The writer fairly claims to himself the credit of aiming at lofty and elevated objects; and his splendid and fertile imagination conceals many of the defects which, nevertheless, belong to a fiction with a purpose. As the great mediæval painters adorned mythological superstition with noble works of art, M. VICTOR HUGO paints graceful pictures, while he supposes himself to be treating of "pauperism, parasitism, 'the production and distribution of wealth, money, credit, 'labour, wages, the extinction of proletarianism, the progressive decrease of punishment," and all other social and economical topics. The extinction of proletarianism—or, in other words, of hired labour—would alone suffice for many volumes of laborious controversy; and it would be judicious to ascertain whether the result is desirable, before inquiring whether it is practicable. In the process of the controversy, it is barely possible that some light might be thrown on parts of the subject by imaginary representations of paid labourers or of small independent proprietors. However this may be, M. VICTOR HUGO has endeavoured to contribute his part to the solution of problems which he regards as vitally important. It is, perhaps, too much to say that the press "is the light of 'the social world,'" for written or spoken thought may be either wise or foolish; but as human intelligence is the only light available for the purpose, it is laudable to employ it, and criminal to suppress by external force the free circulation of thought. M. HUGO's romance can scarcely have conveyed any practical instruction to his countrymen, but incidentally it may have roused them from a state of submission and stagnant acquiescence. The best passage in M. HUGO's speech was the argument on behalf of the press which he deduced from the character of its enemies:—"The press is hated, and this is a reason for loving it. Every indignity, every persecution, every fanaticism, 'denounces, insults, and wounds it as far as it can.'" ROBESPIERRE feared it, NAPOLEON detested it; and from GREGORY XVI. or PIUS IX. to Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, every champion of a narrow dogma shrinks from discussion, and "denounces, 'insults, and wounds as far as he can," independent and argumentative opposition.

It is not indispensable that a man of genius should be uniformly wise, and still less is it necessary that an enthusiastic oration delivered amid merited applause should bear a coldly critical examination. M. VICTOR HUGO has earned respect for himself, if not for his creed, by becoming a martyr to his opinions as well as a professor. While too many of his contemporaries are content with the deadening calm of despotic government, a generous assertion of human dignity may well be exempt from censure. Fourteen years ago, at a Peace Congress in Paris, held a few weeks before the barricades of June were erected, M. VICTOR HUGO celebrated in glowing language the approach of universal peace, as he now dilates on the salutary omnipotence of the press. Experience has since shown that war is not at an end, and, under the administration of M. DE PERSIGNY, the press has to console itself with the consciousness of latent power which it would exercise if it could. It, perhaps, belongs to a poet, in dealing with moral forces, to leave, as in theoretical mechanics, all impediments of friction deliberately out of his contemplation. Fire is irresistible in the absence of fire-engines, and the press might do much if it were not for Ministerial warnings. Like his own knight at the summons of CHARLEMAGNE, M. VICTOR HUGO is ready to assault the hostile city, although its impregnable circuit of triple walls is guarded by twenty thousand infidel Turks, each in a double coat of armour. "The next day," says the concise poet, "AYMERY took Narbonne;" but in the modern world more time and preparation are required to demolish the fortress of absolutism.

The most important circumstance connected with the festival in honour of M. HUGO is, that there should be a place where it could be held within the region in which French is spoken. The guest of the day had, in former times, shared and encouraged the unjust pretensions of France to the frontier of the Rhine. At present, he is probably contented with the arrangement which leaves Brussels the capital of a free and independent kingdom. Mr. COBDEN was lately shocked with the extravagant outlay of the Belgian Government on the fortifications of Antwerp; and he went out of his way to demonstrate that the only possible motive for resisting French annexation must be derived from the comparative lightness of

the public burdens. If a well-protected arsenal involved a tax of a penny in the pound, the consequent disaffection of the people would, according to the English prophet, more than counterbalance the material security which might be afforded against French aggression. Allegiance and national self-respect, like other commodities, ought always to be bought in the cheapest market, or not purchased at all, if they cost too much. Indeed, as one of the humbler disciples of the school formerly explained, it would be foolish to resist a French conquest of England itself, if the expense of fighting exceeded by a shilling the amount of tribute which the invader might probably exact. The Belgians are perhaps of opinion that their independence is worth maintaining, even at the cost of moderate taxation. Some bigoted communities still value the privilege of free thought and free speech, even when there is nothing to be made by them. The press in Belgium, as in other countries, is not, except in a poetical vision, the inspired source of light and oracle of truth. In Brussels itself there are newspapers maintained for the express purpose of promoting the sordid interests of despotic Governments, while Ultramontanism, social republicanism, and other mischievous systems, have also their respective organs. The press, or rather public discussion, so far from propagating unmixed truth, necessarily includes error, because every question has two sides, and one of them is wrong; yet, on the whole, a free press may be figuratively described with approximate accuracy as "a locomotive—the mighty and holy locomotive of progress." In humbler language, free inquiry tends to the gradual elucidation of sound theories, and it facilitates the immediate exposure of practical abuses. Belgium has a right to be proud of the independence which provides an asylum for expatriated eloquence.

LAND IN INDIA.

THE controversy raised by Mr. LAING and the other persons who proclaim Lord CANNING to have been a wise and benevolent Governor-General, overruled by meddling and ignorant officials in England, turns on two points. There is, first, the question whether Lord CANNING was justified in issuing an edict on so very important a subject as land in India, without previously communicating with England, although he had been expressly directed to collect and send home information, in order to enable the Home Government to determine the very points which he took on him to decide. There is also the question whether the mode in which Lord CANNING proposed to deal with the land, or that in which Sir CHARLES WOOD has decided that it shall be dealt with, is the better. Even if Lord CANNING was entirely right, and Sir CHARLES WOOD entirely wrong, in this decision, that would not in the least justify the assumption of authority on the part of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. It is probable that, if Sir CHARLES WOOD had agreed with Lord CANNING, this assumption of authority might have been passed over. Lord CANNING was treated with the greatest respect and indulgence by the home authorities, and Sir CHARLES WOOD has on more than one occasion adopted too hastily the suggestions of Lord CANNING. It was in deference to Lord CANNING that he sanctioned the creation, in the Presidencies, of legislative assemblies so purely and entirely a mockery, that Lord CANNING, on one occasion, by a mere decree of the Executive, ventured to alter the term of legal prescription in claims to land, as though the assent of his pocket Council was a merely formal acceptance of what the GOVERNOR-GENERAL proposed. The conduct of Lord CANNING in issuing without authority his edict about the land might have, therefore, passed without censure, and a very bad precedent have been instituted, had it not been that Sir CHARLES WOOD thought that the principles on which the edict was founded were wrong, and that, where they were not wrong, many modifications of details were necessary. Fortunately for the English at home who interest themselves in India, the points at issue are not difficult to understand, however important may be the consequences involved in their decision.

The first subject on which Lord STANLEY desired Lord CANNING to gather information and report his opinion was the sale of the waste lands of India. Lord STANLEY anticipated that there would be very little waste land found to be at the disposal of the Government, with soil and climate of a kind to make cultivation by Europeans possible. His anticipations were fully confirmed. From Madras, from Bombay, from the Punjab, from the North-West, and from Bengal, the same answer came back, when inquiries were instituted by Lord CANNING. Where the ground was not already occupied by the natives, or subject to some kind of native rights, the climate

was, with a few exceptions, too deadly for Englishmen to stand. There was here and there a spot that might be turned into a tea-plantation, and, as railways and canals were pushed into new districts, some tracts along their margin might become valuable. But it was idle to think that India could be colonized by Englishmen as Australia or New Zealand has been. Nature forbids it. The land that is fit for occupation is already occupied, and the natives prize their claims on the land, and are prepared to defend them with a tenacity that only those conversant with the East can fully realize. It is, we think, very fortunate that nature bars the door against the irruption of masses of English colonists into India. Still there is a little land here and there to be occupied profitably by Europeans, and the question was, on what terms the occupation should be permitted. Lord CANNING, at the time he issued his edict, was under the influence of persons who longed to see an increase of the non-official English population in India, and who represented—and, perhaps, believed—that it was as easy and profitable for enterprising emigrants to settle in the waste lands of India as in the back woods of America. The great thing was to give the land on almost nominal terms, and then the desired stream of humble planters would flow in. Lord CANNING assented, and fixed the price at five shillings per acre where the land was covered with jungle, and ten shillings where it was not. Sir CHARLES WOOD has reversed this order, and has decided that land shall be sold by auction to the highest bidder, with a minimum price reserved, the amount of which will be determined by what the Government surveyor suggests as the fair value of the land. The reason for regulating the sale in this way is obvious. There is very little land at all likely to be sold at any price, except where its peculiar situation and qualities, or the construction of great public works, may give it a value. It would only be throwing away a most legitimate source of revenue if the Government sacrificed the money it ought to obtain for land which, like the tea lands, is valuable, because it is limited in quantity, or is made valuable because the Government opens communication with it. It must also be remembered that the mere settlement of English in the outlying districts, where alone waste land can be granted, involves the Government in expenses which the highest price procurable for the land can scarcely repay. Nothing is more costly than to extend the machinery of justice and police among a sparse population of the superior race.

The land of India formed, however, the subject of a much more important part of Lord STANLEY's despatch. The great bulk of the Indian revenue is derived from the land, the State having been at all times the ultimate owner of the soil of the peninsula, and receiving a rent which only bears the name of a tax because it is collected as taxes are collected. But it is only after many mistakes, and through the labours of many years, that some sort of system has been attained in the assessment of the rent which the State ought to receive. In some parts of India, the rent has been fixed at an unvarying sum, under a perpetual settlement. In others, an assessment has been made which is to be subject to revision at the expiration of periods of thirty years. In others, again, the rates vary more rapidly, or inquiries are still pending as to the amount that ought fairly to be levied. It is obvious that the landowners would be profited and conciliated if a perpetual settlement were extended through the whole country, and it would be greatly their interest to uphold a Government which was pledged, and could be trusted to maintain, a uniform assessment of rent, however pressing might be its financial difficulties. It was a still further step in this direction to allow a landowner to pay a sum down in lieu of his rent, or, as it is said, by a pardonable confusion of terms, to redeem his land-tax. It is manifest that whatever political advantages could be gained by fixing the amount of rent under a permanent settlement would be greatly increased by allowing this redemption, for any Government that might replace the English might possibly respect the perpetual settlement, but would certainly not let the landowner who had redeemed escape taxation altogether. Lord CANNING accordingly announced, in his edict, that any landowner who pleased might redeem, on payment of a sum equal to twenty years' purchase of the existing assessment. Sir CHARLES WOOD has overruled this, on the ground that, if redemption went forward on a large scale, the Indian Government would be embarrassed with sums of money for which they had no use, and which there would be every temptation to squander, while the solid basis of revenue afforded by the land-tax would be gone for ever. Unquestionably this was the more prudent course financially, and the Home Govern-

ment considered that the adherence of the landed interest in India would be sufficiently conciliated if a perpetual settlement were introduced through the whole country. It has been decided that this shall be done gradually. Where land is only partially cultivated as yet, or where sufficient data have not yet been collected to decide what the proper assessment would be, the ultimate amount of assessment will remain undecided. But wherever the officials of the Indian Government are satisfied that a fair assessment has been made, that assessment will be permanent.

Whether this is a wise measure or not, is a point on which the arguments appear to us as nicely balanced as the subtlest politician could desire. They have been stated with great ability and clearness in two papers submitted to Sir CHARLES WOOD—one by Mr. MANGLES, who disapproves of the measure, and the other by Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, who approves of it. It is quite plain that the issue was practically decided by the fact that Lord CANNING had led the landowners to expect that a great boon of some kind would be offered them, and that the Home Government did not like to disappoint a class who, in India, are so important and so large that they may be said to be India. The main argument of those who disapprove of the measure is, that the State thus cuts itself off from the most natural and easy source of increasing revenue—that which arises from the gradual augmentation of the value of land. It is certain that the cost of our administration in India will increase as time goes on; and Mr. MANGLES forcibly argues that it is very unwise, and even unjust to the community at large, that the increase of rents, which will be a sure consequence of the increase in the prosperity of the country, should be lost as a means of providing the additional funds that may be necessary. On the other hand, it is argued that a permanent settlement will itself produce an increase of wealth and of industrial activity that will enable the country to bear taxes quite equal in amount to any extra produce that the land-tax might have brought in, and that a permanent settlement avoids the danger of cultivators neglecting their land towards the expiration of the periods over which temporary assessments extend. To pretend to pronounce an opinion on matters requiring so intimate a knowledge of India is almost absurd in English critics, and the question has been placed beyond the pale of theoretical discussion by the decision forced on Sir CHARLES WOOD by the hasty edict of Lord CANNING. But, so far as mere theory goes, we should have thought that Mr. MANGLES was right, and that the State would have acted wisely in retaining the augmentation of rent coming to it as a landlord, provided that a system of assessment could have been devised which would ensure that the occupier had always the clear benefit of all his improvements—that he never escaped his proper burden by a wilful and temporary neglect of his land in order to deceive the assessor—and that the belief in the fairness of this assessment could be brought home to the general body of the landowners. Whether such a system could have been devised and carried out is a question that can only be decided by those who have had long and ample practical experience.

THE CADOGAN CONTRACT

THERE is something admirable in the consistency and zeal with which the Commissioners for the Exhibition have ministered to public entertainment. They seem to have been deeply impressed with the idea that a Great International Exhibition would be imperfect if it did not also include an exhibition of themselves. The productiveness of British industry would not be fairly represented to foreign eyes unless that unique mechanism peculiar to our institutions—the Imperial and disinterested Commission—were exhibited in full working order. Unlike a good deal of the rest of the machinery, it was set going from the very first; and it has not been injured by any of those accidents which have been fatal to structures of a less tenacious and elastic character. Steadily, up to the end, it has been producing its marvellous results; if not for the public benefit, at least for the public amusement; and, no doubt, our foreign visitors have been sent away deeply impressed with the marvels of British taste and British administrative power which it has been the means of displaying. They will have learnt how much money can be spent to produce ugliness, inconvenience, danger, and damage; and how, by scraping together pennies and wasting pounds, the narrowest illiberality and the greatest thriftlessness can be combined. Perhaps, during the earlier part of the year, they will have learned—for it was earnestly impressed upon all—that we

had no right to signalize these peculiarities, because the material and the administrative fabric we were admiring were the issue of the labours of an unpaid and disinterested Commission. Before this picture of self-denying and unrewarded patriotism, criticism was silent. It is possible that some Frenchman may have muttered to himself that, if these were the results of purity, he decidedly preferred corruption; and he may have gone back reconciled to Imperial statesmen in general, and to M. DE MONTEY in particular. But it was mysterious how so much integrity could have failed so signally; and to the lovers of virtue, it was a very painful subject of contemplation. But time unfolds all mysteries, and has at last elucidated the various, and yet apparently systematic, failures of the Exhibition. M. VEILLARD's bankruptcy has brought to light the one little failing in the character of the Commissioners which has neutralized all the patriotism and purity which their advocates used so deservedly to vaunt. And that little failing appears to be a decided taste for jobbing.

Perhaps it is no very grievous crime—this desire to benefit your friends. It merely argues an exaggerated warmth of heart. But it is a very unfortunate quality in those who have the charge of an undertaking in which success entirely depends on the perfection of the administration. It is precisely the fault for which a thousand virtues will not compensate. And it is the only fault which will account for the repeated failures which the Commissioners have experienced. That they should have selected for architect a man whose knowledge of his art was of the lowest and most mechanical kind, might have been an accident, if it had been a single blunder. The same apology might have been offered for the employment of contractors who certainly did not display much skill in the mechanical portion of their duties, but who, it may be charitably hoped, completely inverted the characteristics of Captain FOWKE, and were overflowing with artistic sentiment. It might have been an accident that the gentleman who was appointed to draw up a catalogue of the pictures should have been Lord GRANVILLE's secretary, and should also have been singularly unfitted for the post of a neutral and impartial commentator; or that his composition, while it wounded the feelings of all our chief artists, yet for that very reason was racy enough to secure many twopences to the exchequer of the Commission. It might have been an accident that the nave was filled up with the wares of grocers, confectioners, and tallowchandlers, who had contrived to make themselves agreeable to the Commission at an earlier period of the proceedings. All these things might have been accidental if they had happened singly. But there is a terrible consistency about them. An accidental selection which always pitches on the wrong person is apt to be suspected—especially if it never wanders beyond the limits of a narrow clique. And now come the revelations of M. VEILLARD's bankruptcy to convert hypothesis into melancholy certainty. It has been alleged that Mr. CADOGAN has given sufficient public proof of close personal relations with Lord GRANVILLE, by standing on his interest for a Northern borough where he has great influence. We have seen no contradiction of that statement; but it may be untrue. In any case, the receipt, under the sanction and with the knowledge of the Commissioners, of a salary at the rate of three thousand a year, for performing the modest duties of secretary to an eating-house, is a sufficient proof that the flame of friendship glowed with no common warmth in the breast of at least one of the Commissioners.

This is, undoubtedly, far less defensible than the rest of their performances, though it furnishes us with a key to them all. The reputation of the Commissioners may be saved in respect to the others by suppositions not, perhaps, very complimentary to their intellects, but perfectly consistent with their honour. An abundance of faith, such as does not usually accompany men very far in their journey through this treacherous world, may have exposed the Commissioners to the temptation of thinking all their friends geniuses, and uniformly believing everything that was told them by anybody they knew. But it is not easy to understand how any faith can have inspired them to value Mr. CADOGAN's merits, as secretary to an eating-house, at a sum amounting to two-thirds of the salary of a Judge, and half as much again as the salary of the office which Lord GRANVILLE holds himself. If all Mr. VEILLARD's subordinates were paid at this rate, it is not difficult to account for his bankruptcy, or for the exorbitant charges which he used to make. But there is no ground for believing that his usual rate of payment was on this sumptuous scale. Until some explanation is put forward which shall very much change the aspect of the facts as they now stand, the world will believe that secret-service money of some kind was included in this enormous salary.

It is hardly fair to throw the chief blame on Mr. CADOGAN.

Whatever he did, he seems to have done above-board. If he did, for a consideration, influence the Commissioners to the selection of M. VEILLARD, at least he seems to have made no secret of his intentions. His diplomacy was remarkably frank. Having bargained for a remuneration which bore upon the face of it that he was paid for something more than his legitimate services, he proceeds with engaging candour to inform the Commissioners of the contract. The mere terms of the bargain must have conveyed the whole truth to their minds. He might as well have said in so many words, "My lords and gentlemen, I am come to influence you." And they were influenced accordingly. A transaction in which both parties were so willing can hardly be held to reflect more upon the seducer than the seduced. After all, Mr. CADOGAN may very pardonably have thought that his proceedings were in strict keeping with the character of the whole undertaking. Princes and princesses, statesmen and divines, had assembled together to do honour to the opening of a gigantic puffing-shop—why should he not make a small puffing-shop of himself? Why should he not charge himself with the function of acting as the Great Exhibition of M. VEILLARD's merits in Lord GRANVILLE's eyes? Whether he did so actually, by giving to the Commissioners a dinner of M. VEILLARD's cooking, or whether he only did it metaphorically, by a florid description of that gentleman's culinary merits, is among the insoluble problems of history. But he may be forgiven for having thought that, when puffing was being consecrated by such a combination of high authorities, there could be no objection to his turning an honest penny by practising the noble art on his own account.

It is an inglorious close for an undertaking that was opened with so much pomp and flourish. There is undoubtedly an inconvenience in attaching these State ceremonials to institutions which have so close an affinity to the less reputable artifices of trade. An atmosphere of sharp practice, and petty dodges, and equivocal gains, has surrounded the enterprise from its first commencement. It is against public policy to decorate with the sanction of Royalty, and the ostentatious benediction of the Bishop of the diocese, an undertaking that contrives to collect so much dirt in the course of its career. After the experiences of the past season, there will be a general agreement of opinion that, when next the tradesmen of the world shall desire to erect a show-room in London, it will be better for such innocent people as Cabinet Ministers not to undertake the agency. Both parties will benefit by being kept apart. The Exhibition will be the better for being left in the hands of men of business whose profits depend upon its success, who are familiar with public wants, and who know that the indulgence of the impulses of friendship is unremunerative in a commercial point of view. Public men, on the other hand, will wear reputations all the cleaner for being kept out of scandals such as that which this bankruptcy case has just disclosed.

THE SHOEBOURNESS EXPERIMENTS.

THE long duel between armour and guns goes on with the same alternations of success, and the same absence of any decisive result, as the American war, which has become the type of an inconclusive and interminable contest. In our experimental competition it is easy to be impartial, for one scarcely knows whether, in the interests of England, the triumph of ships or of guns is the more to be desired. The last trials have given, for the moment, a decided advantage to the artillerists, and have completely displaced the conclusions drawn from the exploits of the *Merrimac* and the *Arkansas*, and revived after the bursting of the monster Armstrong gun, which alone had succeeded in penetrating the Warrior target. A month ago, the ascertained results of the Shoeburness experiments might have been summed up by saying that armour-plates of first-rate quality were proof against everything except the heaviest known ordnance at point-blank range, and were absolutely invulnerable to the most formidable of all missiles—a live shell. All this is changed by more recent experience. A "Warrior target," not indeed equal in quality to the sides of the frigate herself, but still tough enough to escape actual penetration by a smooth-bore 68 at 200 yards, has been pierced, at the short range, by a shot from the enormous Horsfall gun, and utterly smashed by a Whitworth projectile at 600 yards. More than this, it has yielded to shells from guns of small calibre at 200, and from the large Armstrong-Whitworth at the same range of 600 yards at which the solid shot had succeeded in piercing the target. At the same time, it was found that the Horsfall gun (the largest smooth-bore in existence) was, at 800 yards,

very defective in aim, though capable of doing almost as much damage, when it did hit, as its rifled competitor. To attempt to predict what will be the ultimate result of these experiments would be as idle as to fix a date for the reconciliation of the United States, or the evacuation of Rome. The only approach that can be made towards forecasting the future is, to ascertain rigorously how far the scientific principles supposed to be established by earlier trials have been confirmed or varied by the most recent experiments.

The summary which Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG gave some months since of the conclusions to be drawn alike from theory and experience was certainly justified at the time, and is not substantially invalidated by the startling results which have since been achieved. The rough rules were these—that rifled and smooth-bore guns were as nearly as possible equal in effect at short ranges, if the same charge of powder were used—that, as the distance increased, the advantage of the rifled gun became greater and greater—and that the penetrating effect in every case varied almost directly as the charge of powder, and was tolerably independent of the weight of the projectile. The last trials have given greater prominence to another fact which was also well known before—that a great increase of penetrating power may be obtained by using flat-headed projectiles of hardened metal; but this does not constitute their whole significance. It is, in a scientific sense, satisfactory to find that none of the previous conclusions need to be substantially varied. The comparison between rifled and smooth-bore guns stands nearly as it did before, subject to some correction when flat-headed bolts are used. The 150-lb. Armstrong, used as a smooth-bore with a charge of 50 lbs. of powder, had just managed to make a hole in the Warrior target. The Horsfall smooth-bore, throwing a shot of 275 lbs. with a charge of 75 lbs. of powder, did—as it ought to have done—something more. It smashed the target at 200 yards, and did almost as much mischief (when it hit) at 800 yards, though it was not quite able to get through all the successive layers of the target. The difference corresponded as nearly as might be to the increase in the charge, and strikingly confirmed the inference drawn from the long series of experiments which had been made with Armstrongs and sixty-eights.

The practice with the Whitworth guns, though it has thrown further light on the comparative merits of rival methods of rifling, has not displaced any part of the theory which was previously considered to be established. It has proved two things—first, that a given charge of powder will produce more effect with a hardened flat-headed bolt driven from a Whitworth gun than it will with any other known projectile, whether a round shot from a smooth-bore, or a conoidal projectile from an Armstrong gun. Secondly, that a shell may be so attached to a solid projectile—or, more strictly speaking, made part of it—as to enable it to penetrate with almost the same facility as a solid shot. This last result had been long foreseen and predicted, though never before practically arrived at. The superiority of flat-headed shot had also been demonstrated, though the full importance of the form had not perhaps been rightly appreciated. The facts on which this last-mentioned advantage of the Whitworth principle rests are startling enough, and will probably introduce a great modification into the system on which our artillery is constructed. In the first place, a mere plaything gun, a twelve-pounder, scarcely larger than an ordinary field-piece, sent a shell through an iron plate supposed to be absolutely bomb-proof. This, it is true, was done at short range, against a target very much slighter than the side of a modern frigate, but the fact was sufficient to disturb the serenity of naval captains, who thought that enough had at any rate been done to satisfy their fervent aspiration—"For God's sake keep out the shells." The second experiment was still more astonishing. This time the weapon was of considerable calibre. It threw a shot or shell of 74 lbs., and at 200 yards it made easy work of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron, with the customary allowance of teak backing behind it. A shell-proof ship, according to present modes of construction, became at once an unattainable luxury—that is, supposing an enemy to come to close quarters. The third and last experiment removed even this qualification. The range was 600 yards; the weapon was a piece of more than 7 tons, built upon the Armstrong plan, but rifled in the form adopted by Mr. WHITWORTH, and used with one of his favourite flat-headed shells. The horrible missile went clean through everything, smashing a hole that no ingenuity could stop, and scattering its fragments freely in the rear of the target, or what would be, in practice, the fighting deck of the ship. The shell-proof range for the Warrior must, therefore, now be extended to

something more than 600 yards; and if all vessels had to encounter the most formidable kind of artillery, the art of making them even approximately safe must be declared to be still a desideratum. Scientifically, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a Whitworth shell can penetrate wherever a solid shot of equal weight can make its way. The projectile used at these trials was nothing but a solid shot of about 130 lbs. weight, with three or four pounds of powder in a chamber at the rear of it. The old-fashioned shell failed to penetrate because it was too slight in construction to bear the concussion without instantly breaking to pieces. A flat-headed bolt, solid for nine-tenths of its length, has no such difficulty in forcing its way through anything that opposes it, and it might have been expected to do what it actually has done—practically to annihilate all distinction between shot-proof and shell-proof plating.

A much more striking feature of the experiment was the comparative smallness of the charge which sufficed to penetrate the target. The only complete triumphs of other weapons were obtained in the case of the Armstrong, with 50 lbs. of powder, and of the Horsfall gun, with more than 70; and it had come to be almost a settled maxim that nothing less than 40 or 50 lbs. of powder could be relied on to send a shot from any kind of gun through a Warrior target. The Whitworth bolt did its work with a charge of no more than 25 lbs., and this at a range of 600 yards, which had scarcely been attempted before. It is true that the plate was not quite up to the mark of the armour of the Thames Iron Company; but it stood the test of a 68 lb. shot at 200 yards (we presume with the ordinary service charge), without being actually penetrated or smashed to pieces. On former occasions a charge very nearly approaching 25 lbs. has failed to do more than dint a $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch plate at the shortest ranges; and for the present it may be assumed that the flat-headed Whitworth bolt, fired, as it must be, from a rifled gun, will get much more penetrating power out of a given quantity of powder than any other known form of projectile. The importance of this fact, if it should be confirmed, as it probably will be, cannot be exaggerated. The limit to the power of artillery is given by the weight of the charge. There is only one gun which can be fired with 70 lbs. of powder. It is doubtful whether there are any others which can be called safe with 50 lbs., and it is certain that none of the service guns are calculated for a charge of more than half this weight. By making 25 lbs. of powder do the work of 50 lbs., Mr. WHITWORTH has removed the ultimate limit of artillery power to double its former range; for all the serious difficulties, whether in the original construction or in the actual use of artillery, resolve themselves into the one problem of making a cannon heavy enough, or rather strong enough, to bear the explosion of a given amount of powder.

The use of the effective flat-headed shot, either in the solid form or as shells, as may be desired, necessarily implies the use of a gun rifled without the chamber which is part of the Armstrong breech-loader, and the success of the first official trial of the new shell may be expected to lead to the general introduction of a new class of heavy ordnance. For light field-pieces, the Armstrong principle, and especially the Armstrong shell, are at present unsurpassed for destructive power. But there are many practical difficulties in the use of breech-loaders as heavy guns, which leave the superiority at present with the muzzle-loading principle; and it is now tolerably clear that the Armstrong plan of a loading chamber, fitted to receive a shot somewhat larger than the bore of the piece, will be superseded by mechanically-fitted bolts, which may be made of any dimensions that may be required. It would be interesting to know how much of the success of the Whitworth shell is due to its flat front, and how much is to be attributed to superior velocity at the cannon's mouth, obtained by his system of rifling. Probably it would be found, in the case of ordnance as in that of rifles, that the velocity of projection is nearly the same whatever principle of rifling is adopted, and that the real superiority of the hexagonal bore consists in its convenient adaptability to any kind of shot, whether solid or charged with powder, which it may be desired to use. It is only fair to state that the late triumph is shared between Mr. WHITWORTH and Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. The rifling and the projectile were suggested by the former, while the gun itself was built on the coil principle, which has given such satisfactory results at Woolwich. The combination seems to have produced the most perfect piece of ordnance in existence, and it may be hoped that no personal or official considerations will prevent its general adoption, if future trials should confirm the conclusions which have been so remarkably established.

Whether the targets or guns are to gain the ultimate

victory is of secondary importance, if care be taken that England shall possess the best of each. She may then regard without uneasiness the progress of scientific improvements, certain that, whatever may be the future conditions of naval warfare, our sailors will not be compelled to fight at a disadvantage with any enemy. More than this we cannot expect and need not desire.

STRONG WILLS.

IT is the fashion of our day to idolize the will. People good and bad, religious and profane, wise and frivolous, unite to honour persistent resolve. Strength of will is the staple of saints and sinners of any credit, magnitude, or popularity. It really matters very little with a great many people what the object may be, if it only be pursued perseveringly and remorselessly. Sin followed with a force to resist the blandishments of collateral sins becomes a virtue. Whenever a man has a great prevailing paramount desire which sets him above lesser transient desires, be the main desire ever so truculent, mean, or base, he is the mark for some men's admiration and reverence—not, indeed, in respect of the thing desired, but for the strength and persistence of his wish for it. The heroine of Mr. Wilkie Collins's current novel relies for our sympathy on this ground alone. If she ever swerved from her horrible and degrading purpose, if her resolve relaxed for a moment under the breath of any good or genial influence, the author would have no hope for her. He expects the public to like her because she stops at nothing to work her will. There is something in it, of course. There is a sort of virtue in being able to care for the same thing for a long time together. It is also a wonderful element of power. Lady Macbeth and Jezebel are more striking personages by far than their respective lords—we might almost say that there is more to admire in them—and this can be nothing else than their stronger wills. Nevertheless, all this talk about strong wills has something slavish and craven in it. It is a transfer of the allegiance from reason and right to brute force. It is the choice of control, of mastery by a strong hand, as owning our nature, not capable of free intelligent action. Strength of will, in whatever cause, is pretty certain to surround itself with more or less of suffering—not only its own voluntary suffering, but incidentally that of others. Like every other victory, it has its victims. A man unflinchingly working towards his aim may make a fine historical picture if he is engaged in a great cause, but a vast many wills go towards the grand display. Multitudes have to abandon their inherent rights in order to work out his purposes for him; and, therefore, to stand in open-mouthed admiration of mere strength of purpose, as such, is an act of subservience and a confession of weakness.

Not that the sentiment is always real. We admire strong wills most at a distance, when time or space separates us from their social consequences. As an active interference with our liberty, we are apt to see in it more of the unreasoning, and, as we have said, brute element, than the divine. The strong wills we come in contact with have, unfortunately, more objects than one. A man in a book has a great revenge to arrive at through every obstacle, a great work to do in spite of all the world; and his will concentrates itself on the one object, and lets minor matters take their own course. But where it is a living propensity, it is prone to interference of the most annoying and ubiquitous kind, and is in no respect like the arrow flying at its mark, and touching nothing between. In fact, it is not at all a sublime thing to have a will stronger than our own wielded by an intelligence which, we flatter ourselves, is not in any respect above our own, controlling us, tampering with our liberty of action, and fumbling amongst all our prepossessions—to feel ourselves thwarted at every turn by some influence which finds its happiness in arranging our affairs for us, and which somehow always gets its way. There are unquestionably minds of very small calibre, who do not thoroughly enjoy life unless they are habitually making the people about them do something they would rather not do—whose main pleasure in every scheme is to carry their point against the majority. We call this love of management; but what is it really but a busy, unsympathizing, narrow, often well-meaning mind under the spur of a strong will, working in some small domestic sphere as many rulers and potentates have done in theirs who have gained immortal honour by permeating every nook and cranny of their dominions with their own individual sovereign will?

Seeing the inconveniences of this masterful impulse in the contracted range of each man's experience, we do not think that the will would have been lifted so high amongst the virtues by the unprompted homage of ordinary minds. People who make a business of thinking are at the bottom of it. It is they who have given form to what in others is but a vague yearning for the fixed, the definite, the irreversible. No doubt it is common to mankind to respect strength of any kind. It is not only women who want something stronger than themselves to lean upon. We are most of us tried by indecision. We are conscious of conflicting wishes, views, interests. We are harassed by doubt. We see two sides to most things, and are apt to be swayed by them alternately. Something perpetually steps in between us and our aim. We with difficulty hold on to our plans and schemes. Obstacles tell upon us; we accept omens, submit to hindrances. We give in and give up, we are hampered by self-mistrust, we balance the fors and againsts, we are subject to suspense of purpose

and feeble volition. Freedom from doubt, consistency of intention—these are something comfortable to rely upon. A man has wealth with us who knows what he wants, and goes the straight way to get it, unvisited by our scruples and vacillations; though often this singleness of aim is due to certain intellectual deficiencies, and we should perhaps be amazed could we see the meagre, insufficient grounds for irrevocable decisions which a man would sooner yield his life than reverse. But it is with authors and thinkers by profession that this instinct of reliance grows into deliberate, willing subservience. Men for ever engaged upon their own consciousness—who turn every subject that comes before them inside out—who balance, and weigh, and consider, and question, till certainty and choice seem to evade them—are lost in admiration of a strong will displayed in triumphant, unscrupulous, overbearing action. They either do not know that the thing is done by not thinking, or they reverence it the more as intuition. They invest the phenomenon with a halo of comment as Germans do the text of Shakespeare; they enhance the rigidity of purpose, they give meaning to every accident. Obstinacy in error is sublime, stolidity is god-like. If these people only write like geniuses and live like other men, their respect for strength of will is rather abstract than practical; but there are keen, restless spirits who carry their speculative turn into private life and regulate their conduct by it. There are people who do everything by a conscious effort of thought, and theorize on every action as they perform it—a practice wholly incompatible with a single aim, great or small. In its grand sustained sense, versatile intellects cannot possess a strong will. Wilful enough they are, determined enough in their own way, but the way changes with every mood of thought. They see the merits by turn of every line of action—are this day with the Epicureans, and the next with the Stoics; or for a change, one of these experimentalists decides to discard philosophy altogether, to do exactly like other people, to be minutely commonplace, not to take a step which has not the sanction of universal suffrage. A person thus proclaiming that he has no will of his own, and doing like other people with all his might, is a curious enough spectacle. He studies every motion, not crediting that anything can be done without design—talking, as it were, every breath on reflection, and swallowing at well-considered intervals. With this state of things reason has little chance, for our friend can reason to a hair, and sees the weak side of every argument but his own. A cool, steady will, having just what they want, and wanting all that they have, is the influence to manage these over-intellectual spirits. Anybody quite confident of his own line, and keeping to it, contemptuous of opposition, serenely and stolidly certain, is accepted as a guide by men worn out by too wide an embrace of every question. Only he must not be too clever, and he must never give reasons. Those they can dispute, but certainty and will are the things that they bow to as powers mysterious and divine. It is like the fable of the speculative young bear applying itself to the science of walking. "Shall I," says he, "move my right front paw first or my left, or the two front paws first or the two hind ones, or all four at once, and how?" fluctuating in all the endless alternatives which four legs offer, till will and action, in the person of the old she-bear, step in to cut the knot—"Leave off thinking and walk."

Will, then, as a power which attains its ends by a short cut—which does while others think, and makes the world go its way, while intellect argues, refines, and beats about the bush—is an object of genuine awe and reverence to metaphysical and speculative minds; but also it is made use of by a certain class of theorists (amongst the infinite number of subjects so applied) to talk nonsense about, and very deliberate nonsense we might suspect, but that fluent tongues can talk themselves into a partial belief of anything. Lecturers, either amateur or professional, are very fond of exalting the will. It is flattering to the vanity of an audience to be told that it only depends on themselves to be as powerful and successful as the great leaders of thought and action; and many speakers say it under the vague notion that, though it is not strictly true, it is a nice, proper, stimulating thing to say. They know that the members of a Mechanics' Institute do not care to be taught out of the Catechism, yet the occasion enjoins a moral, and utility is the order of the day. Especially if they themselves are at the top of the tree, it looks and feels like humility to assure every raw youth of the company that he has only to try, with a will, and he may attain to the speaker's level. Only set your hearts, he cries—in spite of a conviction deep inside, giving the lie to his words—only resolve, with an intense, continuous act of volition to do and to be such and such things, and you will infallibly succeed. "How many men have begun as you have, and ended by being partners where they were errand boys? How many have begun with twopenny—possibly the sum in your pockets at this moment—and ended life the owner of half a million? How many have begun mere journeymen, as some of you are, and risen to be inventors, discoverers, the everlasting benefactors of mankind? And any of you may do the same if only you have a will strong enough. All these men had a will; they never gave in; they suffered no pleasure to allure them from the one object of their lives; they conquered all difficulties; they were proof against disappointment; hence your Fairbairns, your Stevensons, and all the merchant princes of the land." Facetious allusions are possibly thrown in to Whittington and his master's daughter, or that beggar boy of Florence, who, receiving an alms from a fair maid of high degree, incontinently resolved to make her his wife, left the city on the instant a soldier, and came back generalissimo, to claim and win his reward. Fortunately for the audience, these ideas never enter

the mind beyond infusing a temporary unmeaning inflation. The errand boy cannot get up the sublime preliminary will which is to set the rest in motion. A will, unprompted by power to work it out, is nothing. Nor will conceit of power do much. A few rebuffs and failures abate pretension, except where vanity impairs the sanity of the brain. If people did not know all the while that men cannot make fortunes in business without a good head for it, and that it is no use being persevering over mechanics unless you have more than average of the gifts for the work—if they did not know hundreds of plodding, indefatigable clerks, who yet remain clerks all their lives—this theory of the will would make lunatics of a docile audience. Yet, though all the harm which might follow if such advice were capable of being acted upon does not come, yet some harm always results from the wide diffusion of untruth, and the continual utterance of swelling words, even if everybody knows that they mean nothing. Not but that there is a will that makes a man; but it cannot be put into him, and, indeed, needs no prompting. A man starts on his career with a tacit understanding with himself that he is to rise. It is a step-by-step progress. He probably has no distinct aim. It is only in books that he resolves from the first dawning of ambition to become owner of such an estate or bishop of such a see. But he means to get on, and devotes all his powers to that end. He fixes his thoughts beyond immediate self-indulgence, chooses his friends as they will help the main design, falls in love on the same principle, and, habitually deferring to a vague but glowing future, learns to work towards it, and for its sake to be self-denying and long-sighted. His instincts quicken; he puts forth feelers, which men who take their pleasure from hand to mouth have no use for; he lives in habitual caution, with an eye always awake to the main chance. Thus he refines and enhances that natural discretion which doubles the weight and value of every other gift, and yet keeps them on an unobtrusive level, leaving itself the most notable quality—till he is universally pronounced the man made to get on, by people who do not know that it is a steady will that has made him and kept him what he is.

This is the will strong for itself. It, in fact, pushes others aside, takes their places, holds on its fatal course; but, as being unobtrusive and never openly asserted, it is the direct opposite of the meddlesome will of our social experience, expressed in the phrase that such a person must always have his way. Both are varieties from the historical or romantic will, which makes great heroes, criminals, tyrants, or martyrs, according to the cause in which it is applied. We believe, even on this grand heroic scale, many a will gets worshipped in manhood which acts precisely on the same motives for which an obstinate child gets whipped—that is, the man goes on because he has begun. Nevertheless, we all feel a vigorous will to be a fine thing. It is a stroke of nature in Lord Dunsyre to hate a bird that does not know its own mind. It is wearisome to be with people without any will of their own. Volition is life; no one can be really great, whatever his other powers, without it; nor can a man cultivate it in himself too carefully, so long as he respects the free will of others, and only applies it to secure constancy in purposes and decision in action.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

IN the churchyard of Edmonton the inquiring traveller may, after considerable search, find the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb. The churchyard is large, and has an air of neglect and desolation, and one of the most neglected parts of it is the grave of the man whose memory gives the whole scene an interest. The grave is a little way back from a side path, and is overgrown with nettles and long grass, while over it towers a hideous erection of the fluted order of village architecture, designed to perpetuate the fame of a certain Gideon Rippon, of Eagle House. On the tombstone, between the dates recording that Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834, aged fifty-nine, and that Mary Anne Lamb died May 20, 1847, aged eighty years, are inserted twelve of the very worst verses that the ingenuity of friends could have struck out. In the beautiful and touching lines in which Wordsworth sketched the character and the history of his friend, he tells us that he meant the earlier portion of the piece to be placed on Lamb's tombstone, but that other arrangements had been made. The visitor to Edmonton may see what was the effusion that was preferred to Wordsworth's. It begins by declaring that Lamb's meek and harmless mirth "no more shall gladden our domestic hearth." It goes on to assure the deceased that he is not all lost—and that his writings shall "win many an English bosom pleased to see that old and happier vein revived in thee." Everything is in a sort of rude harmony—the nettles, the shrine of Gideon Rippon, and the doggerel. We go out to see the grave of one of the most charming and original English writers of the nineteenth century, and we find a bank of weeds and a super-eminent mass of stone or stucco in honour of a bank clerk, and a set of verses for which the schoolboy of Lord Macaulay's *Essays* would have been deservedly flogged.

At first the sight may awaken a little disappointment, and even indignation. If only the vicar, or the churchwardens, or some other local dignitary would but spend a shilling a year, the nettles, at least, might be uprooted. But as we get a little accustomed to the sight, we find it fits, not inaptly, into our associations with Charles Lamb. He had no great sense of the solemn and decorous, and would perhaps have borne the thought of a neglected grave as well as any one. His life is quite as interesting

as his writings are; and much of the attachment which he has inspired, even in those who never knew him except in print, arises from the sympathy which his story excites. He had not much outward prosperity, nor did he live a life of much ease. Without complaint, and without pretension, he went on plodding through a routine he hated—wounded in his affections, liking humble pleasures, and devoted to a small circle of friends and intimates. It is because he got so much out of a life, shadowed over by so many clouds, that he delights us. To have a neglected grave in an ugly suburban village was at least a congruous end to such a career. He was not a trim man in life, nor one made much of by strangers. His poetry was all beneath the surface, and he was not the man, metaphorically or literally, to wear flowers in his button-hole. Death was, in external respects, to him pretty much what life was; and he might feel, in a strange way, at home if he could realize that he lay under a thick mat of weeds, with no traces of footsteps near, and under the immediate shadow of the mausoleum of a bank clerk. We can fancy that the fitness of the thing would have tickled him, and afforded matter for the playfulness, half sportive, half melancholy, with which he saw visions of odd personal accidents occurring to himself. Those who remember his letter on an Undertaker, and the serious drollery with which he describes himself attracted by the little trappings of a cheap funeral, will easily persuade themselves that his humour would not have refused to find some satisfaction in this Edmonton grave.

But probably the vicar, and the churchwardens, and the other people of Edmonton would pay a little more attention and respect to his grave, if only they had the slightest notion who he was. We suspect that the number of Englishmen who are acquainted with his works is exceedingly small. With all his great and genuine powers, he can scarcely be called a popular writer. There is nothing he has left behind him which every one knows as every one knows *Waverley*, *Childe Harold*, or Campbell's sea-pieces. A dry humour, and a subtlety of style, and a command of pure English words, and a vein of delicate exaggeration, are things which, if once seen and appreciated in a writer, are appreciated very highly, but which very few persons give themselves the trouble to appreciate. We are all very apt to overrate the influence and reputation of authors whom we ourselves admire; and this is especially the case if the writer requires, in order to be admired, not only a relish for a certain kind of intellectual effort, but also a sympathy with a certain sort of moral excellence. Charles Lamb was one of the brightest wits and one of the noblest characters of the generation that has just passed away. But his fun is rather recondite, and might easily have no charms for those whose notions of fun are of a broader kind. He was, as Wordsworth said of him, "good, if e'er a good man lived." But his goodness was not of the sort that the run of men take much heed of. The goodness of a man who has a strong sense, among many personal distresses, of the value of life, who has a horror of phraseology that he would consider unmeaning or sectarian, and whose good deeds have all been done at home, hardly answers to the popular estimate of a good man. We cannot expect all the world to care about such a character, and it is, perhaps, better that when feeling is absent its absence should be undisguised. At any rate, there is no nonsense or hypocrisy about the Edmonton authorities. They have no artificial enthusiasm for the man resting in their churchyard. They do not trouble their heads about him, and they do not pretend to. All this is, however, in a great degree, a matter of chance, and some day probably there will be a vicar, a beadle, or sexton at Edmonton who is devoted to his *Essays of Elia*, and will clear the nettles away.

This churchyard, or indeed any churchyard—only that the Edmonton churchyard is a little more neglected than most others—may also awaken in us a few reflections as to literary influence generally. Literary workers, like all others, are gathered into the common grave, not only in the sense that they themselves perish, but that their work ceases, except in rare instances, to have any great prominence, and is lost in the general influence of the past on the present. There have been a few writers, such as Luther, and Bacon, and Voltaire, who have really moulded the thoughts of succeeding generations in a way so distinctly their own that we cannot lose the sense of their personal eminence in the contemplation of the general history of human thought. But, with most writers, this is not so. They are but part of a general movement. They carry the thinking world some little way in a particular direction, and then that which they have done becomes absorbed in the general way of thinking which is habitual to the men and the nations that come after them. The Lake Poets and their friends stood apart from the generation in which they lived. At first their writings were abused and ridiculed by the many, and admired with something of the exaggeration of contradiction by the few. Then they were for a few years supreme. A generation of young men grew up to whom Wordsworth was the source of all that was definite in poetical feeling, and to whom Coleridge opened a vision of a new Christian philosophy. They knew no wit like the wit of Charles Lamb, and honestly tried, if they failed, to find comfort in the laborious pedantry of *The Doctor*. Now Wordsworth is little read by the young. They prefer mourning imaginary friends in the metre of *In Memoriam*, or indulging in those combinations of lines of various lengths and those mysteries of phraseology which Mr. Browning has suggested as the secret of poetry. They would, indeed, think in a different way from what they do if Wordsworth and his friends had not written; but this may be said of writers

that lived much longer ago. All the past affects us. As we look round the churchyard, we find the memorials of labourers in a hundred fields of labour, and in each field the labourer that is dead has done something. Even the bank clerk whose shrine overshadows the resting-place of Charles Lamb probably kept some books and accounts that, without him, might have been kept less well. The officer in an adjoining grave did something to keep up the reputation and success of the British army. The Bank of England of the present day, and the army of the present day, are the creations of numberless efforts in time past. But the officers and the clerks of other days have faded out of memory, and the living institutions they have left behind them exist without any definite traces of those who set them on foot or kept them in activity. It is the same with almost all writers. The general thought which they have helped to mould or expand remains, but they and their influence are lost in it.

This grave of a great writer, overgrown with nettles and unnoticed by the living, also typifies the place which literature holds in English life. There is no fictitious prominence given it. A man who can may write a book if he pleases, and the book may have a reputation for more than six months if it deserves it. But the writer is left very much to his friends. If he pleases, he may go to a few London dinner parties, and if he likes to show himself in public places, he may have the satisfaction of being stared at as if he was a wild dog. But he receives no national honours or recognition. It is no longer the custom to bury him or to raise a memorial tablet to him in Westminster Abbey. Lord Macaulay was only buried there because he was Lord Macaulay. He is left to his family and his circle of friends, and if his circle of friends is large, and his friends are warm and sincere, that is only a blessing which he shares with men of every kind of merit. Distinguished writers like this generally, and have no wish to go out of the limits of their home. They wish to be private men, and to live and die as private men. They desire to be buried where they have lived. Wordsworth lies at Grasmere, and Southey at Crosthwaite, and Charles Lamb at Edmonton, and their graves have met with the treatment they themselves met with in their lives. Wordsworth's grave is kept with simple and affectionate reverence at Grasmere, because he was well known there, and much respected, and because the friends he has left there honour his memory. Charles Lamb's grave is neglected, because his lot in life was cast in London and its suburbs, and no one notices his neighbour much, or has any great care for literature, in a suburban town. In each case, that has happened which might have been expected, and we may perhaps lose the wonder which the sight of Charles Lamb's grave provokes, in the general satisfaction produced by the thought that this is really only a sign of the wise way in which literature is treated, and loves to be treated, in England.

IMPERIAL CHRONOLOGY.

TIBERIUS once sent a long and wordy letter from Capree, and Louis Napoleon has just sent a long and wordy letter from Biarritz. The two resemble one another in author and in subject. Each was written by the master of Rome, about the Roman question of the day. They must also have resembled each other a good deal in style, as both the elder and the later potentate seem to have laboured under the same difficulty of saying anything straightforwardly. The chief difference is, that the letter of Tiberius was not only sent from Capree, but written at Capree, while Louis Napoleon merely rummaged his portfolio at Biarritz, and sent forth a letter which he had written some time before. There is, however, another point of difference, and one in which the discretion of the ancient despot contrasts favourably with the rashness of his modern follower. Tiberius, like a wise man, kept himself to the present, of which he was master. He made no flourishes about either the past or the future. He knew that even Imperial power could not alter the past, and he perhaps retained faith enough to believe that the future rested on the knees of the gods. Louis Napoleon is less prudent—he has before now cut his fingers both with prophecy and with history. Of course, as long as he keeps to the oracular style of dealing with either, he is safe. When we hear of solutions and complications, we do not presume to understand. But, once or twice, the great teacher has removed his veil, and has distinctly announced that such a thing would be, and that such a thing had been. We do not mean such little frailties as swearing to be faithful to the Republic, and presently establishing the Empire—as announcing that the Empire should be peace, and presently making war upon everybody—as promising to liberate Italy as far as the Adriatic, and then suddenly drawing back on the banks of the Mincio. Mistakes of this sort may imply a little infirmity of purpose, a slight confusion of political ideas, an unfortunate absence of geographical precision, but they do not seriously affect the Imperial claims to the character either of prophet or historian. The test of a prophet is his power of foretelling, and the test of the historian is his power of recording, not his own actions, but the actions of other people. Unfortunately, we remember a case when the oracle failed to foreknow the actions of his own nearest neighbours. It is not so very long since an Imperial prediction was placarded all over Paris, announcing that the city of Paris intended to elect no Deputies to the Chamber except those who stood in the Imperial interest. The city of Paris knew its own mind better than its master did. Its election of several anti-Imperial Deputies gave the

Imperial seer a useful hint to relapse into his old safe habit of speaking in parables.

So much for prophecy. Let us now try history. To be sure, it is a hard matter to argue with the master of fifty legions. While there was a King of the Romans, we all know that he was "super grammaticam," and he who hinders the existence of a King of the Romans may aspire to the still loftier rank of being "super historiam." Still there are proverbs the other way. There is no royal road to geometry, neither does there seem to be any Imperial road to chronology. The protector of Popes labours under strange delusions as to the history of the Popedom; the historian of the first Cæsar has very hazy notions as to the doings of some of his successors. Nay, the Imperial mind does not seem to be above the temptation of fine writing and of sacrificing truth and accuracy to the sonorous roll of a period. When the great Imperial composition appears, we trust to review it with all impartiality. The poems of Dionysius were hissed at Olympia, but he lived to gain more than one prize for tragedy at Athens. The discipline of the hiss may possibly have led the way to the final attainment of the chaplet. So, if we point out a few deficiencies in the small Imperial prolusion before us, we may possibly be leading the Imperial pen to that more perfect accuracy which ought to adorn the historical works of one who has made so much history for other people to describe.

We must, therefore, seriously warn our Imperial author against the temptation of round numbers. To speak of the Papacy as "a power which has existed for ten centuries," has a grand sound. Tens, hundreds, thousands, do much better in a rhetorical flourish than those more exact sums which seem better suited for a financial statement, or a report from the Registrar-General. Yet even great poets have not disdained minute accuracy in such matters. In Homer, Achilles gives as a prize —

τρίποδ' ὠρέοντα, δισκαυκοσύμτρον —

but Pope, somewhat of the Imperial vein, cuts down the number of measures to "twice ten." So Byron, lamenting over the bondage of Venice, does not talk vaguely of "ten centuries," but bewails, with strict arithmetical precision,

Her thirteen hundred years of freedom gone.

To be sure, it is easier to count the years of the duration of Venice than the years of the duration of the Papacy, because the duration of the Papacy may be counted at pleasure from St. Peter, from Constantine, from King Pippin, from Rodolf, or from Cæsar Borgia. And we can well understand how very old a Power which has lasted ten centuries must seem to a potentate whose own dynasty has lasted only ten years. Yet surely the particular number of centuries hit upon by the Imperial arithmetician is rather like the definition often given of a dilemma — "When you attempt to prove two things and prove neither." Do the ten centuries mean the duration of the spiritual or of the temporal power? Surely Pius IX. must hold up his hands in horror at the insinuation that the spiritual power dates only from the ninth century. Ten centuries may seem a long time to an Emperor of the French; but it is a very short span to which to cut down a Bishop of Rome. His Holiness might inform his Imperial patron that St. Peter lived nearly twice as long ago as seems to be believed at Biarritz. But perhaps it is the temporal power which is meant. Still, in that case ten centuries are equally puzzling. Why ten centuries? Why not either more or less? Sober history cannot allow the temporal kingdom of the Pope, as something really settled and acknowledged, to go back more than four centuries at the outside. But perhaps Emperors reckon not *de facto* but *de jure*, and the eldest son of the Church possibly believes in the donation of Constantine. Still, matters are not mended that way, for, if we go back to the donation of Constantine, we get not ten centuries, but fifteen. So, again, Rodolf is too new, and Pippin too far off. We can only hit upon one explanation. Charles the Great undoubtedly lived some way into the ninth century — that is, rhetorically, he lived ten centuries back. That Charles the Great was Emperor of the French is of course a Napoleonic idea. Is it a further Napoleonic idea that the said Charles founded both the spiritual and temporal power of the Papacy as a fief of France, and that, as the ability to do the requisite service has manifestly failed, the vassal, the whole dominion, spiritual and temporal, has lapsed as an escheat to the liege lord?

Now, it so happens that the Imperial chronologer, in hitting upon the particular figure of ten centuries, hit upon about the very worst for his purpose in the whole compass of time. Napoleon III. may be absolute master of the year 1862; but it is clear that the year 862 is a matter in which he has neither part nor lot. The temporal power of the Popedom, we are told, rests upon "ancient traditions," and "ancient traditions" are opposed to the "anarchic" and "revolutionary" notion of a Kingdom of Italy. We do not know what are the Imperial ideas of antiquity; but they clearly do not go back so far as ten centuries. Napoleon III. evidently labours under the delusion that Victor Emmanuel is the first King of Italy that ever was. Will his Imperial Majesty allow us to inform him that "ancient traditions" — traditions, that is, which go back as far as ten centuries — are wholly in favour of the Kingdom of Italy, and wholly against the temporal power of the Pope? In 862 there was, alas! no Emperor of the French — one might almost say that there were no French to be Emperor of — but there was a King of Italy, and the Pope was his subject. In 862, Lewis, King of Italy and Emperor of the Romans, reigned over his own kingdom with a good deal more honour to himself than most

princes of his time. To be sure, he had his troubles like other kings. The Byzantine Emperor detained a corner of his peninsula, much as the Austrian does now; he had Saracens to drive away from his coasts, and turbulent barons — in our own day, shrunk into brigands — to put down by the strong arm. Once, indeed, he got taken prisoner by a Duke too powerful for his sovereign; but then all Christendom cried out, for the special benefit of philologists: —

Audite, omnes fines terre, horrore cum tristitia,
Quale scelus fuit factum Benevento civitas,
Hludowicum comprehendent, sancto pio Augusto.

But this holy and pious Augustus did not carry his holiness and piety so far as to tolerate a Bishop of Rome independent of the Emperor of Rome. When Pope Nicholas was troublesome, Rome was forthwith occupied by the troops of her King. If that King afterwards asked for absolution, it was not for entering his own city, but for the sacrilegious acts of his soldiers, and for his own interference in matters purely spiritual beyond the limits of his kingdom. Anyhow, neither the King of Italy nor his subject the Pope owned any allegiance to the prince who called himself King of the West Franks, but whom some disrespectful chroniclers speak of as "Gallie Tyrannus." Nor was the Emperor Lewis the last King of Italy. There were Hughs and Berengers and Rodolfs, none of whom looked with any special love upon an ecclesiastical sovereign at Rome. In fact, these "ancient traditions" are very awkward things. They can be cited on behalf of very contradictory things — some desirable, some undesirable. But there is one thing for which there is no precedent, one thing for which no ancient tradition can be cited, one measure which, beyond all others, is anarchic and revolutionary. A French invasion of Italy has too many precedents; but a French conquest of Rome, from motives wholly pious and disinterested, is recorded in no ancient tradition at all, but is an idea simply and purely Napoleonic.

So much for the traditions of ten centuries. When a tyrant will work his wicked will, we know that no law, no tradition, no historic right, will ever stand in his way. Let him, then, not add insult to injury by the flimsy hypocrisy of talking about historical precedents and ancient traditions. Let him simply say, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*." What I have seized, I mean to keep till you can take it from me." But when he deserts this safe and unanswerable line of argument to descend into the ordinary domain of fact and law and history, it is some slender satisfaction to expose the emptiness of Imperial rhetoric, the inaccuracy of Imperial assertions. It is some little compensation to injured right to see the attempted defence of a crime take the form of that which is worse than a crime — a blunder.

PROSAIC WORDS.

IT would be an interesting subject of investigation to inquire into the causes which have determined the literary rank of words. We all know that there is a republic of letters; but if there be a republic of words too, it is a republic of a very aristocratic cast. Some words are born to honour. Poets love to use them; the orator reserves them for his choicest metaphors or most sonorous perorations; and generally their presence indicates that you are in the company of sentiments and ideas of the most exalted quality. Their dwelling-place is in grand passages, and they furnish the raw material out of which fine metaphors and sublime similes are composed. Below them comes a useful, active class of words — the *bourgeoisie* of the dictionary. They are employed when good hard work is to be done, and no ornament is wanted. They form the staple of blue-books, scientific or learned treatises, the speeches of people who are not orators, and the like. Perversely enough, this middle class is chiefly of Norman or Latin origin, while the grandee class of words can generally boast of a Saxon pedigree. Below them, again, comes the verbal proletariat — the small change of daily life, comprising many words which never find their way into composition at all, except when the writer is homely of set purpose, or when he wishes to warn his reader that he is going to be comic. We are not about to be democratic, or to murmur at any providential distinction of ranks. We know that in America, where the verbal noblesse are forced into every sort of society, and are made to do all kinds of common-place drudgery, the literary results are often of a character which assures us that lexicographical democracy has broken down. Still, we cannot help sometimes wondering how the division of ranks came about, and how some of the words which are universally regarded as words of quality managed to climb up into that exalted position. Why is a word not "a word for a' that?" What is it that divides words into castes? What is it that makes some words unalterably poetical, and dooms other words to be irredeemably prosaic?

Some of the rules of precedence commend themselves to the mind at first sight. It is very fitting that the works of nature should be poetical, and that the works of man's ingenuity should be prosaic. It is quite right, for instance, that a man of genius should be said to soar like an eagle, and not like a balloon. But this rule is not always equitably observed. Some of the works of nature, and some of the works of man, have a preference over others of the same class for which no good reason can be given. You may apply balm to a man's wounded feelings in the highest flights of eloquence; but if you proceeded to speak of applying ginger to his failing energies, you might possibly raise a laugh. Yet this is very hard. Ginger is a very respectable vegetable product — quite as

respectable as balm, and probably even a more useful member of the Pharmacopoeia. Why is balm to lift up its head as a sort of duke among words, while ginger is set down among the clowns? In the same way, it would be quite dignified to speak of a man being tried in the furnace of affliction; but if, instead of that, you spoke of his being hardened in the oven of adversity, you would only excite low and culinary ideas. You may, with great propriety, make your hero explore mines of learning; but it would be wholly indecorous to allow him to pick up nuggets of wisdom there. In respect to articles of food, the distinction between the prosaic and the poetical is flagrantly iniquitous. The heroes of an epic always quaff goblets of wine. As a matter of fact they probably drank black-jacks of beer. But beer is of prose prosy, and its very contact would destroy all sentiment. The same proscription seems to be extended to brandy-and-water. Some very lax writers may allow their characters to drink raw brandy at the close of a very exciting scene, to nerve them for some tremendous effort; but neither gods, men, nor stalls have ever suffered a hero to drink brandy-and-water. Perhaps, however, it may be said that beer and brandy-and-water reek with the associations of the pot-house, and might be out of harmony with the sublime and beautiful. But they are not the only articles of diet that are under the ban. Why is the harmless potato, which has no special connexion with the pot-house, to be for ever exiled from the realms of fine writing? The bread of affliction is admitted into the most fastidious compositions. Why are the potatoes of pauperism to be cast out as vulgar? Yeast is another article of diet whose wrongs are too crying to be passed by. Its elder brother, leaven—though in actual life not a very refined sort of article—holds an acknowledged place among the stock metaphors of the poet and the essayist. As a simile for all species of moral fermentation or infection, there is no word that has a more assured position. But what writer would venture to talk of the “working of the revolutionary yeast?” Yet why is yeast less ideal than leaven?

In most of these cases, as in questions of precedence generally, it appears to be antiquity that settles the rank. All things that were invented or discovered a sufficiently long time ago are admitted to the freedom of the poetical world. All things invented in more recent times are excluded. Weapons of war appear to come specially under that canon. You may speak of the shafts of fate; but it would be incorrect to speak of the bullets of fate. Yet there must have been a time when shafts were as familiar as bullets are now. What did the poets of those days do? Did they fall back upon slings and pebbles? Either they must have entertained a very different theory touching the requisites of poetry from that which prevails among us, or they must have been sorely put to it for want of words. In respect to instruments of illumination, there is a striking graduation of rank, exactly corresponding to the progress of invention. Torch is the oldest and the most barbarous; and it is accordingly the grandest. “Handing down the torch” is one of the most respectable conventional metaphors in existence. The lamp of truth ranks very nearly as high, but it is not calculated for quite such fine writing. But when we get past these two antiquities, the poetry of artificial light evaporates. In practice, the light of torches and ancient lamps must have been very dirty, and not at all poetical. But nothing brighter is admissible into a metaphor. Candles are decidedly prosaic, and gas-light is quite intolerable.

One of the most curious portions of this subject is the different rank which is assigned to different features of the face. Nothing can be more poetical than the cheek, and nothing more ridiculous than its neighbour—the nose. This absurdity of the nose is a very difficult prejudice to fathom. There is no particular ugliness inherent in the feature. It is at least as characteristic as any other part of the face; and if people die of broken hearts, which is the condition in which they are of most use to the poet, their noses become quite as emaciated as their cheeks. But there is a rooted prejudice against the nose, which nothing can overcome. No one will give it credit for a particle of sentiment. It never enters into any ideal. It has no rapturous epithets assigned to it. All the other features have their own special set of laudatory adjectives. Raven hair, rosy lips, dimpled cheeks, lustrous eyes, pearly teeth—but not a word for the poor nose. The lover raving over his mistress's beauty, the poet working out the word-picture of his hero, both pass over the nose in discreet silence. Even Milton, bold though he is in breaking through conventional restraints, describes hair, and cheek, and eyes, and brow, and even wrinkles in his pictures of Satan and of Adam, but no word of the nose. Perhaps, if it were put to them, neither lover nor poet would wish the object of their admiration to be without a nose; but they regard it as a necessary evil—a sort of poor relation to the rest of the features, about whom the less that is said the better. And the poets are perfectly right. Their readers would not appreciate a reference to the obnoxious feature. If Byron's celebrated stanza had run—

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy nose and cold,
Colder thy kiss—

no doubt it would have been perfectly true to nature; for it may be safely laid down that, whenever the cheeks are cold, the nose must of necessity be cold too. But still, every one would have felt that, with any allusion to the complexion or temperature of that proscribed excrescence, there was an end of pathos. The history

of this mysterious feeling is worthy the research of archaeologists. At what period did noses become contemptible? That the feeling was not primordial any one may see who will refer to the Hebrew original of “His wrath was kindled.” With the English feeling on the subject of noses, the exact phrase sounds too profane for us to reproduce.

In dress also, the gradations of verbal rank are very strongly marked. The order of precedence runs thus:—Robe, gown, pantaloons, breeches. Robe is sublime, and may be used in epic poetry. Gown, that is to say, an academical gown, is sufficiently staid and dignified to be mentioned in high-flying prose. Pantaloon never find their way into any composition superior to a comedy or a novel; and breeches are usually buried altogether under some euphemism. The rural magnates who preside over Agricultural Societies have fallen into great trouble from ignoring the Pariah character of this last word. No small part of the ridicule to which they have been exposed for prizes given to agricultural labourers has arisen from the fact of one of those prizes being a pair of breeches. The word is down in the world; it is an unlucky word, and will bring ridicule on any one who uses it. The different fate which attends kindred words might furnish matter of reflection to the moralist. There is nothing intrinsically more exalted in a garter than in a pair of breeches. Both are articles of dress appertaining to the legs; both are conferred as rewards, only upon different classes of society; and neither are conferred for services of a very eminent kind. The kind of merit which procures a pair of breeches for an agricultural labourer is very much the same kind of merit as that which usually procures the garter for a peer. It consists chiefly in having kept himself out of mischief, and having got together more money than his neighbours. Yet how different is the grandeur of the two words! Perhaps, however, that is a mere question of class. Very possibly the breeches are looked on with as much reverence among the agricultural labourers as the garter is among us; and the whispered announcement, “Jim Hodges is to have the breeches,” excites a thrill of interest as keen as the rumour that “the Duke of — is to have the vacant garter” does in Belgravia. Still, as there is no touching tale of the loves of a gallant sovereign to protect and apologize for the agricultural decoration, perhaps a waistcoat, or a pair of strong boots, would be better. When mankind have resolved that anything shall be prosaic, they will have their way.

WHITE TRASH.

IT is not easy to persuade a Frenchman that, but for French visitors and caricaturists, no Englishman would ever have heard that the world-famous wife-market in Smithfield was a living institution. Englishmen and Northern Americans smile incredulously when a Southern stranger declares that he never saw or heard of “mean whites” in the South, and that no man there dreams of applying such an epithet to any class of his countrymen. The phrase exists, no doubt. Mrs. Stowe first made it familiar to the ears of Europe and to the pens of Abolitionist writers, and Mrs. Stowe herself did not originate it. She derived it, not from Southern planters, but from their negroes, who look down upon the white labourer much as a well-fed English flunkey despises the hard-fisted artisan. The rich and respectable classes of the South would no more think of using such a phrase, or giving utterance in any form to the idea which it conveys, than an English gentleman would dream of treating an honest mechanic with the contemptuous arrogance which might be expected from his footman or his porter. To the white man of the South, every countryman of his own colour is a fellow-member of an aristocratic race. It is the slave who measures the white man's value by his wealth; it is the negro, and especially the pampered house-servant, who speaks of the farmer or the mechanic—of every man, in fact, who does not own negroes—as “poor white trash.” Such is the invariable assertion of Southerners; and there is probably more truth in it than those who derive their notions of the South from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Mr. Olmsted's *Journeys* will at first be ready to believe. It is perfectly true that, outside the cities, the South presents to a visitor—especially to a visitor from the North, accustomed to an appearance of plenty and prosperity among the labouring classes such as exists in no other part of the world—a poverty-stricken aspect. The farmer lives in a cottage built of logs roughly laid together, which would not be suffered to exist on any English estate, and would not be accepted even by a Dorsetshire labourer. He will never offer you the ample meal, with milk and cream, butter and wheaten bread, home-brewed ale, and well-cooked meat and wholesome vegetables, that an English farmer would set before his guests. But if you think his condition wretched, and are inclined to suppose that the inequalities of wealth are greater in the South than in England, a visit to the neighbouring plantations will undeceive you. The planter's house is bigger, but it also is built of logs. His meal may be better cooked, but it consists of the same coarse fare. Independently of the fact that both are landowners, the difference of wealth between them is less by far than that between an English landlord of moderate estate and the tenants of his farms; and the wealth of both is greater than appearances would indicate. The farmer has a balance at some local bank, or has a small stock of money laid by. The planter, when he visits Europe, or takes up his abode in an American city, lives as English gentlemen live in town. The truth is, that the South is as yet a half-civilized country; its

people are little accustomed to luxuries, live hardly, and are content with scanty comforts; and hence those who judge them by a hasty visit to the homes of the poorer classes are inclined to believe the worst representations of their wretchedness and degradation that have been circulated by careless or malevolent observers. This supposed wretchedness and real squalor is attributed to idleness, and idleness to slavery.

The fact we believe to be that slave and free labour, in the South, never come into competition. The nature of the climate, and the conditions of each species of industry, keep them necessarily apart. The white man cannot work on a cotton, or rice, or sugar plantation; and he does not work on a tobacco plantation. The work is better suited to the constitution of the negro, and to the reliability of slave labour, which cannot strike for wages, or go off "on the spree" at a critical moment, to the utter ruin of the crop. And nearly the whole of the productive slave labour of the South—that is, of all negro labour except that of domestic servants—is absorbed by these four staple articles of Southern industry. Everything else is to be done by the labour of white freemen. The whole of the other produce of the South, and it is considerable, is raised by white labour. All the carriage of the Southern crops, and this is a very large and very lucrative business, is done by white men, with a few negroes employed as firemen on board steamboats, or in similar subordinate capacities. Finally, the trade and most of the skilled labour of the South is in the hands of white men; and so very high is the remuneration of mechanics, traders, warehousemen, steamboat employes, and almost every sort of free labourers, that it is quite plain that there is a demand for more white labour than is to be had. If slaves and freemen worked together, or in the same occupations, the latter might be expected to repudiate labour as degrading. But inasmuch as the work of slaves is, with few exceptions, entirely distinct, and as it is plain, from the immense amount of work done in the South which certainly is not done by slaves, that white men do not refuse to work, it is hardly just either to accuse the Southern population *en masse* of idleness, or to lay on the shoulders of slaveowners, who have a very sufficient share of just blame to bear, the alleged poverty and meanness of the non-slaveholding classes.

We know from the census that there were in 1850 1,114,000 free families in the Southern States, and 563,000 farms; so that more than half the white population is employed in agriculture alone. And agriculture, in its statistical acceptance, does not by any means include all who derive their substance directly from the produce of the soil. We see, therefore, that there were of planters and farmers, strictly so called, 563,000 families, each settled on land of its own, and possessing from fifty to five thousand acres of cleared and uncleared ground. We may take 163,000 of these, at the outside, to be planters owning five slaves and upwards. There were, then, 400,000 families of farmers, of whom probably 150,000 held fewer than five slaves, and the rest depended entirely on their own labour. The small slaveowner works in the field along with his negroes. The farmer who has no slaves cultivates his twenty or thirty acres of cleared land with the help of his family, and rears cattle, and hogs, and fowls, and grows Indian corn, and sometimes other cereals, and potatoes—provides for his own consumption—and has wherewithal to purchase coffee, and whisky, and minor luxuries at the nearest store, besides laying by for his daughters' portions or his sons' start in life. He is not rich, but he does not feel himself to be poor; he lives in independence, he has enough to eat, and if he fares coarsely, it is merely because he does not care to live better. If he chose to have milk, and butter, and vegetables, he might have them. He has game in plenty, if he choose to shoot it; he owes no man anything, and feels himself the equal of the richest planter in the land. Though he be clad in homespun, and eat nothing better than broiled bacon and the national "hoe-cake," this man is no "mean white." And to this and the planting class now belong more than half the population of the South—more than four millions out of eight. North-west Virginia, Kentucky, Middle Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, are regions of small farms; and the richer soils occupied by the planters in more fertile districts are interspersed with small holdings of the same kind, owned by the same class.

Besides these, there is a very numerous class employed, at enormous wages, in the internal carrying trade of the South. There is the working population of the cities, also numerous and exceedingly well-paid. There are the traders of every sort—those of the cities and small villages, and those who establish their "stores" at cross-roads, and supply the farming population of large districts with everything which they consume that cannot be grown on their own farms. None of these classes are poor or degraded; and these altogether embrace no inconsiderable proportion of the non-agricultural population. Besides or below these, and the class of farmers, comes a numerous body which is not reckoned among the agriculturists. The collection of resin or turpentine affords employment to thousands; and the class of backwoodsmen is also large. These have their log hut, and their acre or so of garden, in some uncultivated spot; their cattle range the woods, wild or half-wild; with whatever else they need their rifle provides them, and they live in a savage but contented poverty. A visitor who had never been in the North-west might be excused for supposing that here at least he had found that "mean white" species which is supposed to be a growth of slave soil peculiar to the South. But in Illinois and Iowa, and still further west, he would find precisely the same variety of the human race—the civilized man who,

enamoured of the charms of savage life, has sunk back into barbarism. But whereas, north of the Ohio, these men are found only in the regions to which civilization has not yet penetrated, in the South they may be found in the very heart of long-settled States. This is owing to the different character of Northern and Southern cultivation, and the different laws of their progress. In the North, civilization advances evenly, like the wave of a tide slowly but continually gaining on the western shore. In the South it has overflowed the land like an inundation, taking possession of those soils which suited it, and leaving an island of wilderness here and there in the midst of a settled and busy people. And the wilderness forms a great part of the country, abounding even in the oldest and richest States. Alabama is the only State in which the acreage of "unimproved" farm land is not at least double that of "improved;" and improved and unimproved together amount to only a little more than one-fifth of the whole area of the Southern States. Everywhere there may be found forests abounding in game, and presenting all the facilities and temptations of savage life. Within twenty miles of Mobile, you may meet with herds of deer; and so generally is this the case, that in most parts of the South venison is cheaper than beef. Nowhere is it an unheard-of thing for a villager to shoot a wild turkey in his own barnyard. Everywhere—in the midst of cultivation, and in the neighbourhood of cities—may be found the backwoods and the backwoodsman—much the same man as in the half-peopled States and unsettled territories of the North-west, and in no respect a species peculiar to the South, or generated by slavery. And in the South, as in the West, the backwoodsman is proud of his independence, and would not exchange it for the comforts of civilization. He is stubborn, self-willed, and self-reliant; he has the virtues, as well as the vices, of a savage; nor is he one whom the most insolent aristocrat ever depicted on the stage of the Victoria Theatre would venture to call "mean," or to depreciate as "white trash."

These men are, most of them, intemperate, and many of them very ignorant. The Southern population, as a whole, will not bear comparison with the North in the matter of education; but it is behind very few European countries in that respect. One-third of the whites under twenty years of age—nearly one-sixth of the whole—are shown by the census returns to be at school; and the number of persons who can neither read nor write is not one-tenth of the whole free population; while of these no small proportion are free negroes. But the poorest and most ignorant classes of the South have no servile vices—none of those degrading faults which characterise the lower classes of European countries. The farmer, the resin-collector, the hunter, greets and is greeted by the planter or the merchant as in some sense an equal—sits down by his side to smoke or to drink whisky, and enters into conversation with him as freely as with one of his own class. He will receive a chance visitor at his miserable hut with all the courtesy of which he is capable, and with as much dignity and as sturdy an air of independence as the farmer or the "pioneer" of the West. He is proud, even to fierceness, of his own independence and of the purity of the women of his family. Where, then, are we to seek the "mean white" of whom we have heard so much—who "combines the restlessness and idleness of the savage with the vices of the European *proletaire*"—who "ekes out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring himself out for occasional jobs, by plunder?" Or are we to conclude that the whole picture is as much exaggerated as other pictures drawn at secondhand of countries of which we know but little; and that, whatever evils slavery may have inflicted on the South, however demoralizing it may be to the slaveowners and however oppressive to the slave, it has not had in America that effect which it never had elsewhere, of degrading the great majority of the dominant race to the servile level?

Of course, the South has her dangerous classes. Of course, too, she has classes whose lives are held comparatively cheap, and whose presence is anything but welcomed by their betters. European immigrants are looked on with no great favour. They are generally the very worst portion of the emigration—idle, dissolute, and turbulent. They are bad citizens and bad workmen; and, for the most part, remain to infest the cities of the sea-coast, and form a great part of the *classe dangereuse* of Mobile and New Orleans, Savannah and Charleston. Irishmen, of whom there are many in the South, are certainly held of small account, and generally employed, though at good wages, in work for which negroes are thought too valuable. Petty hucksters, again, who trade with the negroes, and act as receivers of stolen goods, are in extreme disfavour—the more so, that in such a country as the South, half-settled, and half-civilized, the law can seldom be invoked with effect against offenders of this sort. But none of these are numerous enough to stand as representatives of the "white trash," boldly affirmed by one English writer to amount to five millions. Again, with a very small police, burglaries are exceedingly rare, and highway robbery utterly unknown, in the Southern States. The only form of plunder which is prevalent in the rural districts is, under the circumstances of the country, no proof either of extreme poverty or extreme laxity of morals. It does happen frequently that a backwoodsman or a small farmer will shoot a hog or a bull that does not belong to him, and no great compunction is manifested, even if the owner discover the act and complain of it; but this is not even a means of "eking out" a subsistence. One class of professional plunderers does exist in, and is peculiar to, the South; and from the broils and murders which are of frequent occurrence among

them has been derived our general idea of Southern lawlessness and ferocity—an idea which the behaviour of the Southern troops ought by this time to have dissipated. The gamblers of the Mississippi, who frequent the steamboats, and swarm in the riverside towns, are the curse and the disgrace of that region; and it says little for the force of law in the States that no effectual interference with them has been found possible. These men are worse by far than the "mean whites" are alleged to be; but they do not answer to the description; and failing these, it would be difficult to find any class in the South, numerous enough to deserve notice, that can be said in any sense to live by plunder. What must be the real condition of the masses of the Southern population is, we think, sufficiently indicated by the fact that in 1850, out of a people of six millions of whites, there were but 20,000 paupers, or one in three hundred. The truth would seem to be, first, that the people of the Southern States are deficient in the knowledge and the habits of civilization; secondly, that their modes of life are rough and frugal to a degree which seems to hasty observers to denote extreme indigence and idleness; and thirdly, that there is among them a numerous class, resembling the Western pioneers, which deliberately prefers a semi-savage to a civilized existence. Out of these facts and appearances has grown the belief in a vast degraded population, devoid of industry and virtue, and living in squalid want and misery, to which has been fitted the contemptuous epithet (which the negro would apply equally to the farmers of New England as to the lumberers of North Carolina) of "mean whites"—an epithet of which those for whom it is intended have probably never heard, and which certainly, if they have heard it, they have never dreamed of applying to themselves.

A MODERN BRINVILLIERS.

WE trust that no irrational panic will arise from the revelations made at the trial of Catherine Wilson, the vulgar Brinvilliers of the day. This wretched woman seems to have followed poisoning as her vocation in life. She gave herself up to the pursuit of uncertain gains in the death of her neighbour, much in the way of a professional writer of begging letters, and murder was only the accidental means which she employed for living from hand to mouth. We must bear this in mind; for when Dr. Taylor laid it down summarily that, in the course of his experience, he had known as many as eight cases of undoubted poisoning which had passed off quietly as ordinary and natural deaths from what is called choleraic diarrhoea, it would not be altogether unnatural, especially in the sickly afternoon of the year, when unhealthy autumn—

Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat—

if a domestic event of such rare and horrid interest were to be expanded into the dignity of a large and national concern. Secret poisoning is no new thing, and it is not likely that it will be eradicated. But it is that form of murder which most readily catches and inflames the public mind. It is at once the easiest charge to make, and the very hardest to prove, and, therefore, to disprove. Murder by poison allies itself in some degree to science, and the more science is popularly known the more poisoning is likely to be practised. But there is a good as well as an evil side to this state of things. In the middle ages, when nothing was known of chemistry, and little of disease, almost every unwelcome, or unusual, or sudden death was attributed to poison. Even in our own day, and in a country so open to some amount of popular knowledge as Portugal, two or three deaths in high places, which could be accounted for readily by a very ordinary amount of scientific knowledge, were attributed to political poisoners, and a popular tumult was the result. It is reasonable to believe that scientific poisoning was, after all, very rare in the darkest ages. Much that we read on the subject is evidently exaggerated; and it is not likely that murder will try, on a large scale, to confront the detective science of these days of general enlightenment. At the same time, we must admit, fully and fairly, that there does not at present seem to be any safeguard against the administration of simple vegetable poisons, nor has science as yet discovered any infallible test of their presence. But this is no new thing, and all that the fact involves is the necessity of adapting our system of medical jurisprudence to the acknowledged facts of the case. It seems as though the simplest laws of nature were incapable of further scientific simplification. If, as is probable, the specific poison of certain diseases is nearly related to the specific poison of certain plants, science need not blush to own the extreme difficulty—perhaps even the impossibility—of distinguishing between them. Or if the human frame is so constituted that the blood absorbs the whole of vegetable poison, an experienced toxicologist has no reason to be chary in admitting his inability to seize the actual elements of death.

Considerable reluctance was felt in Palmer's case to hang the man, because it was not proved that Cook died by poison. Strictly speaking, this was not a true statement of the facts. Poison was not detected in the body; but we have by degrees come to the conclusion that it is not necessary for a proof of murder to get the actual poison from the remains. Catherine Wilson's case is an important step in the same direction. She is found guilty of murder committed six years ago, although at the time of her victim's death sufficient suspicion of foul play existed, and though, after a post-mortem examination, and fair medical testimony,

no proof of murder was sustained under the freshest and most favourable circumstances for detection. Of course Catherine Wilson's advocate made the most of this solitary favourable fact; and his argument was that Mrs. Soames died with symptoms which the medical man took for those of ordinary choleraic diarrhoea, and which, when confronted with suspicious circumstances, he was unable to distinguish from natural disease, even at the time when his attention could be actively concentrated on the history of the case. The inference attempted to be drawn was, that as Mrs. Soames might have died of cholera, and as there was no proof that Catherine Wilson ever possessed any poison, and little motive for the foul deed, it would be hard to convict her on a case which, after all, was only one of suspicion. That the verdict given is likely to discredit this specious line of defence is, we think, a gain to society.

We shall not be able to eradicate poisoning. All the Acts of Parliament against the sale of poisons can only make the crime a little more difficult. In these days a poisoner will avoid the insoluble minerals, and Canidia will never be shut out from the fields and hedges. We may legislate on the sale of oxalic acid and prussic acid, but while England produces colchicum, and nightshade, and henbane, there is no need to have recourse even to the meanest apothecary for the weapons of destruction. What we must aim at is to deal indirectly with the evil, and to encourage an intelligent and independent spirit in the medical profession. We do not desire to speak harshly of Mr. Whidborne; but when a medical man finds that his sedatives only produce increased irritation—and when he knows (as at least he ought to know) that the irritant poison of cholera is not spasmodic and intermittent in its attacks—and when he finds a patient constantly attacked, with renewed and aggravated violence, by the very symptoms which his remedies ought to make impossible—he should at once suspect a Lucretia at his patient's bed-side, and act accordingly. This Mr. Whidborne did not do; and we frankly admit that it requires some self-possession to do what he did not. But with the Smethurst case, and this case of Catherine Wilson before them, medical men will, it may be hoped, in future, recognise certain moral, as well as professional duties. Fortunately, the area of such possible cases is very circumscribed. A man surrounded by his family and friends is not likely to be the victim of poison. It is the lone man and woman—the childless bachelor left to the tender mercies of a housekeeper—the shabby widow who lets obscure lodgings, and who is so gushingly open to the casual intimacies of her class—the inconvenient baby, and the obstinate old father whose protracted life will block the way to a greedy heir—that are most liable to the secret visitings of such as Catherine Wilson. In this case, to be sure, the murdered woman swallowed the deadly draughts in the actual presence of her two daughters; but in the class of life of the Soames family, confidence in medical matters is apt to degenerate into blind and apathetic credulity. "Doctor's stuff" is so little understood, and is regarded with so much of the fetish feeling, compounded of blind submission and slavish horror, that the relatives of the poor administer anything and everything under the name of medicine, and would only be too glad to delegate the nursing office to any interested volunteer.

Catherine Wilson took advantage of her knowledge of human nature and of the simple and deadly vegetables. She laid herself out to cull simples both from the field of nature and from the field of the world. For nine years, it seems to be morally certain, though not legally proved, that she has pursued systematic poisoning as her calling in life. As far back as the year 1853, she made the acquaintance, as a servant, of a person in Lincolnshire, who was in the habit of taking colchicum. This person died and made a will in Catherine Wilson's favour. Afterwards, she became the mistress of a man named Dixon, who died under circumstances precisely similar to those which attended the death of Mrs. Soames; and, strange to say, the medical man in attendance was the very Mr. Whidborne who was employed by Mrs. Soames. In 1859, a Mrs. Jackson fell under the untoward care of Catherine Wilson, and her death was attended with very suspicious circumstances, and the disappearance of £20. In 1860, a woman named Atkinson died in Catherine Wilson's house, with precisely the same symptoms and precisely the same normal disappearance of money. In 1861, a second paramour of Catherine Wilson, one Taylor, was attacked with the same sudden and mysterious illness under which Dixon disappeared, but fortunately recovered; and in the present year Catherine Wilson was indicted for the murder, by sulphuric acid, of a person in whose house she was residing. It was only from what we may fairly consider a miscarriage of justice in this last case that the attention of the Home Office was drawn to the career of this extraordinary woman, and that all the circumstances of Mrs. Soames's mysterious death were revised; and, had Catherine Wilson escaped the present investigation, she would have had to stand one, or perhaps several criminal trials. It is a provision of the English law that the investigation into a charge of murder shall be strictly confined to the four corners of the indictment. The antecedents of the accused are rigidly excluded, and not one of this awful series of crimes was produced against the prisoner on that trial on which she has been most righteously found guilty. The contrast between our own proceedings and those of a French Court is, in this instance, very strikingly brought out. We pay somewhat dearly for the scrupulous fairness of our criminal proceedings. In France, the *acte d'accusation* of Catherine Wilson would have given us the full details of her previous life; and it is undeniable that if a trial can ever recognise motives, the habits and previous life of a prisoner are

very important elements in judging of the probabilities of guilt. It is a mere truism to insist that, in any given case, a practised poisoner is more likely to be guilty than a novice in crime. And it is an equal truism to say that, if eight persons die a strange and sudden death, under one person's care, it is likely that that person had a hand in a ninth and similar death. This, however, is what may not be said in the English Courts. But in Catherine Wilson's case, as is so often found, the criminal was just a shade too clever. She was at too much pains to account for Mrs. Soames's death. She invented the hypothesis of suicide, and affected a special knowledge of the causes of death. Those who hide can find; and the surest way to attract suspicion is when a murderer takes especial pains to fasten the guilt on somebody else. The Stepney murder was found out by the murderer overdoing his part. It was so with Catherine Wilson. If she had not been at the trouble of forging letters from an imaginary person, and if she had simply held her tongue and put a bridle on her powers of mystification and letter-writing, she might have avoided even suspicion. But, thanks to Providence and to that moral law which blinds a very clever rogue to everybody else's cleverness, Catherine Wilson overdid her part. And the scaffold will do a good work, both in vindicating eternal justice and in punishing a criminal of stupendous wickedness, when it dismisses this wholesale murderer to a doom where we may hope she will receive that mercy which it would be a public sin to award to her at the hands of human law.

BREAN DOWN.

WHOEVER has visited the rising town of Weston-super-Mare will have observed a lofty headland or promontory stretching away from the sandy coast on the opposite side of the Bay in a north-westerly direction, towards the Island of Steep Holmes, which, as many of our readers know, rises precipitously from the bosom of the British Channel immediately opposite the town at a distance of about six miles, and has a strong resemblance, in its general features and position, to the Isle of Capri, relatively to Naples. This promontory, which presents an insular appearance, is nevertheless connected with the Somersetshire shore by a long tongue or slip of low marshy land, washed on its northern side by the muddy waters of the Axe. The tourist ascending the western extremity of the Mendip Hills from the little village of Uphill, and looking towards Brean Down from the ruined church which still remains a beacon upon the summit, can at once satisfy himself that Brean Down and the Steep Holmes were, in some unknown period of the world's history, continuations of the same range. A fragment of the base of the once intervening portion of the hill may be seen cropping up at a spot called the Black Rock, which lies about midway from Brean Down and the Uphill shore. In its present state, the Down, the entire formation of which is a very hard limestone, most valuable to the builder or engineer, rises abruptly on all sides, and the approach to its summit is usually made by a winding path on the southern side, commencing near the farm-house of the tenant of the Down and the adjacent lands. These are the property of Mr. Wyndham, of Dinton House, near Salisbury. There is a tradition in the family that the promontory, which is about half a mile in breadth and a mile and three-quarters in length, was purchased by Sir William Wyndham, a dignitary of the law, more than a century ago, with the full conviction, strongly expressed at the time, that it would one day become a great port of embarkation, and an important emporium of commerce. Not that it required, even in those early days, any extraordinary sagacity to foresee such results. A broad arm of the ocean, reaching far into some of the wealthiest counties in the kingdom, and most advantageously placed for holding direct mercantile intercourse with America, with our colonies, and with our home ports, must, sooner or later, exhibit to the enterprising and scientific its riches and its strength.

But while the vast advantages of Brean Down—intersecting, as it does, the estuary of the Severn, and throwing out a natural pier into its waters, at a point where they are navigable by the largest class of ships—appeared fully to justify these anticipations, the first possessor of what must then have appeared to most persons as a barren and rugged rock could not have foreseen what now promises to hasten the fulfilment of his predictions, namely, the approach and convergence of the railway system towards this locality, and the gigantic development of the mineral wealth of the opposite coast. Up to this period, however, a scanty rental for the small agricultural produce raised upon the northern side of the Down—the southern being too steep and broken to admit of cultivation—together with the returns of a stone quarry worked from time to time, and rendered available by the navigation of the Axe, have constituted the sole value of the purchase. During the winter season, the huntsman's horn occasionally echoes among the rocky caverns of the beach, the hares reared here being very strong, and affording excellent sport when driven down into the plain. The heights are a favourite resort for the naturalist and botanist during the summer months—beautiful and rare specimens of butterflies being found here, as well as a description of fern growing nowhere but on Brean Down. Roman coins of the purest gold have occasionally rewarded the researches of the antiquarian, and it is said that Uphill Bay was the spot where the legions of Italy embarked when they finally quitted England. Be this as it may, it is clear, from the traces they

left behind them, that the Romans fully knew and appreciated it both as a military stronghold and as a trading port. The whole surface of the promontory, sloping down gradually towards the western point, presents the appearance of a whale extended tranquilly upon the waves, *dorsum immane mari summo*; and while the Weston Bay recedes into an interminable extent of mud at low water, the northern base of the Down is, at these periods, washed by the ocean for several hundred yards to the eastward, and has a bottom of stiff blue clay of considerable area, scoured by the strong currents which pass under the lee of the Down at every turn of the tide. At this point, the skill of the marine engineer is to be displayed in the construction of a harbour, accessible at all tides, and affording ready access to shipping, both for mercantile traffic and for security against maritime disaster. At the present moment, no harbour of refuge exists in the Bristol Channel from Gloucester to the Land's End—that of Milford Haven lying too far to the westward to be available to vessels trading to the ports of Bristol and Cardiff. But, apart from the consideration of safety from shipwreck, a question of great commercial moment arises with reference to Brean Down. The exportation of coals and other minerals, especially iron, from the inexhaustible fields of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, labours now under material disadvantages in consequence of the route to the south and west of England, where they are daily required in vast quantities for our arsenals and dockyards, being circuitous and irregular. The upper region of the Bristol Channel is beset with sand-banks and shallows, while the old city herself, whose Merchant Venturers were once the traffickers of the earth, for several hours out of the twenty-four lies high and dry up a tidal river, and is quite unapproachable by shipping. It is only at the Steep Holmes that the passage becomes free and open, and a vessel can make from thence in a fair wind, without a tack, the harbour of New York. A steam ferry is, therefore, imperatively wanted across the Bristol Channel at the most advantageous point of transit. There is none altogether so free from drawbacks as the passage at Brean Down, whether we regard the proximity of this headland to the mineral wealth on the opposite shore, its natural shelter from the south and south-west, or the concentration of arterial railways closely approaching it on all sides. On the other hand, the rich agricultural produce of Dorset and Somerset would thus flow with unremitting stream into the districts of South Wales, now affording insufficient food for the subsistence of its immense mining population. Nor would the Mendip Hills, teeming with every variety of ore, as yet undisturbed in the bowels of the earth in consequence of the expense of its removal to distant places, be behindhand in supplying articles of value in return for exported commodities.

The best harbour, however, in the world would be worse than useless without ample capabilities of defence. In these days of destructive ingenuity, an unprotected port would not only attract a marauding enemy, but would be at the mercy of any *Merrimac* or *Arkansas* disposed to enter it. The defenceless state of the Severn has, therefore, come (not a day too soon) under the attentive consideration of the Government, and they have determined to render it secure in the event of a future war. Powerful forts, armed with the most improved Armstrong guns of the largest calibre, are forthwith to be constructed on Brean Down, on both sides of the Steep and Flat Holmes, and at Lavernock Point, on the Welsh coast—forming a most formidable cross-fire at each battery, and at none having to cover a greater range than one mile and a half. The principal battery will be erected on the western point of Brean Down, where four acres of land have been purchased for this purpose, comprehending sufficient space for barracks and officers' quarters, a powder magazine, and hospital. The boundaries of the fort about upon the limits of the proposed harbour, within which ships will thus find ample security when lying at anchor, or pursued by an enemy in time of war. Here, too, a gunboat may readily take up an unseen position, emerging from the dark headland, as occasion may require, for the protection of either shore. It is impossible not to foresee that Brean Down must become, sooner or later, a very important artillery station, immediately connected as it will be by railways with Portsmouth and Portland; while its advantageous position as a central steam coal depot must render the harbour projected in this locality an unquestionable benefit, in a naval, mercantile, and national point of view. At the same time we consider that the construction of no portion of works of this character and magnitude should be left to private enterprise. For their due execution on a scale and in a manner commensurate with the public requirements and their own importance, they should be undertaken and prosecuted by the Government, and defrayed out of the public purse.

Before we descend the hill where these observations have been committed to paper, and return to Weston-super-Mare, let us take one more glimpse of the noble panorama extended before us. At our feet, following the course of the Bristol and Exeter Railway, which threads the centre of the plain as far as Bridgewater, the eye rests upon a rich champagne country, glistening with luxuriant pastures, and mottled with kine. In that direction the dark outline of the Blagdon Hills, dividing the counties of Somerset and Devon, shuts in the landscape. Eastward, the prospect enters upon a succession of amphitheatres of various sizes, formed by undulations in the higher ground of the Mendips, with here and there a village straggling along their slopes, until we light at length upon Cheddar, where the heights are suddenly cleft asunder into a deep gorge or defile, presenting scenery unsurpassed in England, and said by those who have seen

both places to bear a striking resemblance to the Khyber Pass. Cheddar, however, from its having hitherto been out of the pale of railway civilization, is comparatively unknown to the tourist, and has at the present moment a far greater reputation for its cheese than for its magnificent rocks. The climate of this whole locality is mild and salubrious, and whenever the scheme for constructing a railway from Uphill, through Axbridge, to Wells, is carried out, there is no doubt but that Cheddar and its neighbourhood would soon become as much frequented as Matlock or Malvern.

IRISH STEEPLE-CHASING.

IT is not wonderful that Irishmen should be ready to fight in their own or in other people's quarrels, when we find them possessed with an insane passion for risking life and limb even where there is no quarrel of any kind on hand. It must be the want of regular employment in the way of killing and getting killed, that drives Irishmen into the performance of such extravagant acts of folly as were committed lately in the races held at Limerick. If faction-fights languish, the national appetite for broken bones must be satisfied in some other way. There is usually a good deal of difference between the feats of horsemanship which occur in novels and those which are found practicable in reality; but the object of such exhibitions as Limerick races, appears to be to prove that Lever and other national writers have not passed the bounds of sober prose. No hard-riding hero of Irish fiction, who ever imperilled worthless human and valuable equine life, could surpass the folly which contrived to make what are elsewhere properly called "accidents" the necessary and inevitable accompaniments of the proceedings which took place at Limerick. There has been some discussion lately as to the degree of danger which Blondin and his imitators incur upon their ropes, and as to the propriety of allowing them to incur it. One thing, at least, is certain—that Blondin on his rope is a good deal safer than a rider in an Irish steeple-chase. We say an Irish steeple-chase, because, in steeple-chases held elsewhere, arrangements are not made which seem to have for their direct object the infliction of a certain amount of injury upon men and horses.

The races which have gained for Limerick such a very undesirable reputation were, however, neither steeple-chases proper nor flat races, but something between the two. The peculiarity of this sort of race appears to be that it does not give a fair chance to any sort of horse, inasmuch as a mere hunter would be beat for speed, and a racehorse has every prospect of breaking his back. This highly exciting incident did actually occur twice at the last Limerick races, and, by an impartial arrangement, the great race of each day was made greater still by the sacrifice of a valuable horse's life. The ground, which necessarily gave character to the sport, was neither an ordinary racecourse nor a fair hunting country. With the exception of one hill up and another down, it was as good galloping ground as any course in England. There was no plough-land or heavy land of any other kind. There were but few fences, and these for the most part were artificial banks about five feet high, and three feet broad at the top, with shallow ditches seven or eight feet wide on the taking-off side—a fair enough jump for a hunter at a hunting pace, but simply a horse-trap for horses racing over the flat. If you attempted to pull your horse together, you would be certain of losing your place in the race, and be in great danger of being run against and knocked over besides. The only chance was to let your horse go. If he happened to find the fence just in the right place for his stride, he would be likely enough to get over safe. If he did not find the fence in the right place, your person and pocket would probably contribute to heighten the interest of the Limerick meeting. It was in this very way that Kate Fisher, a very nice mare, and one of the safest jumpers in Ireland, who won the great race on the first day, was killed in racing on the second day over the same course. She could not take-off quite soon enough, breasted the bank, and fell backwards with her back broken. Glendinane was killed the first day in the same way, and other horses were more or less disabled. No riders were killed, but several were pretty badly smashed up. Such were the results of two days' Irish racing; whereas, in four days' racing at Doncaster, only one accident occurred, and that was not serious. No doubt steeple-chases run in England are more prolific in casualties than flat races; but, at any rate, care is usually taken to choose for the scene of them a fair hunting-country, with the fences close enough together to make flat-racing speed impossible. Steeple-chasing, under these conditions, is a very pretty sport, and the risk to men and horses is not much greater than attends ordinary hunting. But really the Irish variety of the amusement only deserves to be called barbarous.

It is not always easy to decide where authority or public opinion should interfere to check such exhibitions as took place at Limerick. Some busy-bodies would interfere too often and too soon. There is, for instance, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, who vigorously, but not very elegantly, denounces what he calls "the length to which the system of boys turning themselves over in the public streets is carried," as a disgrace to the police authorities who permit it. The boys are accused of sometimes putting their dirty, naked feet into or near the faces of passers along the streets, besides "causing pain to every right-minded person," or, at any rate, to one worthy alderman, by their performances, and by the inadequacy of their trowsers. It may readily be admitted that

the London streets are too crowded for the practice of gymnastics of any kind; and if, as is not unlikely, the tumbling boys are becoming a nuisance, by all means let the police abate it. But Alderman Carden's objection appears to be, not that the practice obstructs traffic, but that it is "dangerous and demoralizing." As regards the latter epithet, it is better to see boys tumbling for coppers than simply begging for them, which is the probable alternative. As regards the former epithet, it cannot be doubted that tumbling heels over head would be highly dangerous to an alderman, who might very soon "carry the system to a length" that would be fatal to his valuable existence. But the danger to a small, spare, active boy is inconsiderable, either from pavement, passing vehicles, or any other cause. It must be owned, indeed, that there is a possibility of the boys being run over, and a certainty of their fighting among themselves for any coppers that may be thrown to them by "thoughtless indiscreet men" from the tops of omnibuses. The latter contingency seems to shock Mr. Alderman Carden quite as much as the former, and both contingencies seem to shock him more than they need. A considerable number of boys of a low class discover a taste for and proficiency in active exercise which was scarcely to be expected from the circumstances under which they have been born and bred. If, in indulging this taste and improving this proficiency, a boy sometimes gets run over by a cab, one feels very sorry for the boy; but it is not therefore necessary to proscribe the pastime of his comrades—nay, it is even possible to take what the Alderman calls "an indecent pleasure in the painful spectacle" of their tumbling, and to encourage it. If country as well as town enjoyed the benefit of Aldermanic wisdom, it would not be long before a proposal would be brought forward for putting an end to hunting, on the ground that "serious and occasionally fatal injuries" happened to those who engaged in that amusement. The reasons why hunting ought to be encouraged, in spite of the risks which it involves, are too familiar to need repeating here. The same reasons are applicable in answer to Alderman Carden's representation of the danger incurred by the tumbling boys. But we hold steeple-chasing, as practised in Ireland, to be a thoroughly indefensible and unprofitable squandering of health, strength, and life. If such steeple-chasing was ever practised in England, it is not practised now; but Ireland is the chosen scene for acts of aimless folly.

The writer who described these races in the *Times* was evidently "to the manner born." He seems to have been struck with wonder at the perfection of the arrangements of the course, but to have taken the killing and wounding of men and horses as matters of everyday occurrence. "The course," he says, "was admirably laid out, and a permanent stand-house was erected from which a perfect view was to be had." To other eyes this "permanent stand-house" appeared a very poor apology for the thing intended. We believe that "the aristocracy of the neighbourhood" mustered largely, and we are certain that there was a great crowd and noise. Regularity was wholly absent from the proceedings, and how the officials contrived to get the jockeys weighed and the horses saddled—to say nothing of starting them—was incomprehensible. However, things pulled through somehow. As regards injuries, fatal or serious, to men and horses, these two days' racing were almost as costly as an ancient tournament. It is to be presumed that "the rank and beauty of Clare and Limerick" were satisfied with the entertainment provided for them, but it is not much to their credit if they were. The only wonder is, that owners of horses, even in Ireland, have no tenderness for their own pockets, even if they make no account of their own or their friends' limbs and lives. Kate Fisher won for her owner between 300*l.* and 400*l.* on the first day, but on the second day the mare, which was worth at least the sum she had won, was killed. At this rate, steeple-chasing can hardly pay even the winner, and only one horse can win a race, whereas any number of horses may be killed in running it. Really the inhabitants of Limerick and its vicinity have reason to be grateful to those public-spirited gentlemen who make such heavy sacrifices for their amusement. In England, owners of racehorses afford great pleasure to the public, but they mostly do it in the hope of winning money. In Ireland, things are so contrived that almost everybody concerned may expect to lose. As the Northern Americans seem to be very much in want of cavalry worthy of the name, it is wonderful that some of these neck-or-nothing riders do not take service with them. The "ovation" bestowed on their countryman, Corcoran, may show them what honour they might expect, without incurring any more danger than they do in riding steeple-chases at home. Perhaps they might persuade themselves that they were going to fight for a good cause; and if they could not, it is at least as creditable to risk life in a bad cause as in no cause at all.

TEXTILE ART IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

IN considering the growth of better principles of design in textile art, we shall not be obliged to go through all the classes into which Section III. is divided in the Official Catalogue of the International Exhibition. For, unfortunately, the principal exhibitors of the various manufactures of cotton, flax, and hemp, of silk and velvet, and of woollen and worsted, and of various mixed fabrics, seem to be content with producing cheap and durable goods in vast quantities without caring much for the qualities of harmony of colour and correctness of design. While no praise

can be too great for the excellence of finish, for the strength and substance, and all such material properties, of most of the British textile fabrics exhibited at South Kensington, there is not much to be said for the art and taste displayed in their patterns. Nothing can be more wonderful than the gross results of the introduction of machinery in these manufactures; but cheapness of production through the perfection of the mechanical processes scarcely makes up for poverty and unsuitableness of design and for absence of artistic taste and skill. One may toil round the south-east galleries, through the almost interminable maze of shop fronts and glass-cases which contain the products of Manchester and Glasgow, Belfast and Macclesfield, Leeds and Halifax, without finding many examples of an honest attempt to wed beauty to utility. The Manchester prints, for instance, are as dull in colour and as vulgar and commonplace in pattern as ever. Even the chintzes, which command a higher price and make a deliberate pretence of art, are too often failures. One of the most ambitious attempts of this class, by Clarkson & Co., of Preston, showing a pattern of roses and vineleaves which requires no less than ninety-seven blocks to print it, is simply confused and tawdry. The Scotch tartans are always a relief to the eye—such of them, that is, as adhere to the traditional combinations of hues; for a dash of barbarism seems to be necessary to harmony of colour, and sham or modern tartans are generally failures. There would seem to be room for infinite variety of beauty in the patterns of linen and damask; but we see very few attempts to improve on the old fashion. The two most conspicuous exceptions are monstrosities exhibited by the same firm, Messrs. Dewar of Dunfermline. One of these is a "Crimean table-cloth," in which warlike emblems are combined with portraits of the leading generals. The other is for religious use—a table-cloth, the pattern of which embraces various symbols and monograms, alternating with an open folio Bible! In silks we look in vain, among the beautiful poplins of Dublin and Norwich, the ribbons of Coventry, or the products of the Macclesfield looms, for any special art-progress. Positive colours are not encouraged, and when they are used, as in silk handkerchiefs made especially for the rustic market, or for barter among savage tribes, they are coarse and vulgar. The "Lady Godiva" ribbons, and the legend-bearing book-markers from Coventry, are (we are sorry to say) not a step in the right direction. One longs for some purer taste among the woollens of Leeds and Halifax. From the latter place, indeed, there are gay ponchos, and grave Turkish prayer-carpet, intended for South America and the East, which are so well made that they can scarcely be distinguished from the beautiful originals which they imitate. Bradford deserves special mention for a very brilliant stuff for curtains, as richly coloured and as well contrasted as an Albanian scarf. Huddersfield, on the other hand, perpetrates a blanket, which is printed so as to resemble a coverlet made out of the skins of beasts stitched together. It is curious that so few manufacturers have thought of introducing borders or lines of colour into blankets. Messrs. Cook, of Dewsbury, indeed, multiply the usual streaks with which blankets are margined without giving much gaiety or variety of tint. Some of the Witney exhibitors, however, seem to be alive to the expediency of introducing some pleasantly contrasted coloured bands.

There is certainly more general improvement in the designs of shawls than in most other branches of textile manufacture. This may be, perhaps, because the real Indian shawls, which we have all now learnt to appreciate at their right value, have set the right key—so to say—both of colour and pattern. We noticed some particularly good shawls from Paisley; and some exhibited by the London houses of Kerr, Scott, & Co., and Locke, Crosier, & Co. Muslins, lace, and net also seem to us to be, in general, better designed than formerly. Towler & Co. of Norwich, exhibit some really good muslins; and some of the cheap lace from Nottingham is remarkable for simple and appropriate patterns. Beautiful lace comes from Limerick, though the design, as a rule, is inferior to that of Honiton. We were much pleased with the patterns of some of the thread-lace from the lace-making counties of Beds and Bucks. Mr. Vicars of Padbury, in the latter county, exhibits lace of a beautiful pattern which was designed, we are told, by a pupil of the Female School of Art. The woven lace of Glasgow makes no pretence, that we can see, at improved design.

In carpets, again, we see a very considerable improvement. Of course there are still many specimens of inappropriate design; but the balance is the other way. The worst English examples, in respect of pattern, are some carpets exhibited by Woodward & Sons, of Kidderminster. This firm shows, for instance, a Brussels carpet designed to represent an Indian chintz; and, still worse, a stair-carpet which imitates a tessellation of fancy marbles! But there is something still more flagrantly and ridiculously bad than these; and that is, an Axminster Carpet, exhibited by Messrs. Taping, the pattern of which represents our Queen and Napoleon III., in hideous likenesses, exchanging the Treaty of Commerce! We noticed some very fair designs of carpets produced by Messrs. Henderson, of Durham. Messrs. Lapworth exhibit a notably bad Axminster carpet, and an equally good one, manufactured at Wilton. Under the well-known names of Jackson & Graham we are surprised to see nothing deserving favourable criticism. Other exhibitors, such as Palmer Brothers, of Kidderminster, Mr. Harrison, of Stourport, and Whitwell & Co., of Kendal, are eclectic in their designs, manufacturing bad carpets as well as good. But from Glasgow and Kilmarnock we find nothing worthy of commendation. It is very satisfactory to see that Messrs. Filmer, of Berners Street, have had the good taste to obtain their designs for carpets from students of the South Kensington School of Art,

and not less so to find that the designs themselves are highly creditable to the artists employed. One in particular is, however, a literal adaptation of a tiled floor from an illumination of the best period of mediæval art. Upon the whole, we repeat, in colouring and general character of design, the carpets, and also the curtains, exhibited in 1862, show cheering marks of progress. Carpets and hangings, designed expressly in the mediæval style, and exhibited in the Ecclesiological Court, are, of course, exceptional. Of these, Messrs. Cox display some in which the intention is meritorious, but the success doubtful. Messrs. Morris, Marshall, & Co. have reproduced, we might almost say, in facsimile of ancient work, some coarse but skilfully designed and coloured tapestry hangings. But by far the most beautiful works of this sort are the wall-hangings and carpets designed by Mr. G. E. Street, for Messrs. Jones & Willis of Birmingham. These fine specimens of colour and rich but suitable patterns deserve very attentive study. From these the transition to embroidery is easy. Certain ladies, exhibiting as an "Ecclesiastical Embroidery Society," and represented by Miss Blencowe, have most deservedly gained a medal for some altar-hangings for Peterborough Cathedral and Clehonger Church, which show a complete mastery of the old tapestry stitch, worthy of the descendants of the embroideresses of old, whose *opus Anglicanum* was famous throughout Christendom. The design and colouring, however, in these works are more stiff and crude than in some splendid frontals and banners, and a funeral pall, partly embroidered and partly executed in *appliqué* fashion, designed by Mr. Street for the same firm which we mentioned above. Of the old-fashioned, gold-lace embroidery, effective but coarse, Messrs. Jones & Co. of London are, we think, the only English exhibitors.

Turning to the Foreign Courts, their display of textile fabrics, considered in an artistic point of view, is scarcely so satisfactory as that on the English side. To take France first, of course the Gobelins tapestry is *sui generis*. A finer specimen of this manufacture than that full-sized copy of Titian's "Assumption" it is impossible to imagine. The gradations of colour in it are really almost as delicate as those produced by the great master's brush. But, after all, this process is somewhat unsatisfactory. It always seems a misdirection of labour and ingenuity. It would be more easy, we should think, to make at once a fair oil-colour copy of the original. Equally marvellous in their way are the other specimens of Gobelins work here exhibited. The Aubusson carpets are, as always, gaily and boldly patterned; but wrong principles of design could scarcely be better exemplified than in these costly fabrics. See, for instance, that one in which the pattern, repeated over and over again, is a kind of trophy of game and fowling-pieces—an object quite impossible to walk over. Requillart, Roussel, and Chocquel are the chief exhibitors of Aubusson carpets. Among the commoner carpets, exhibited by M. Tronchon, we saw nothing to admire; though he shows one specimen of a good curtain-hanging. The reform of carpet-design, which has made such progress in England, has not yet spread beyond the Channel; which is the more remarkable, since from Algiers, as might be expected, some excellent "Turkey" carpets, so to call them for the sake of distinction, have been furnished to the French Court. In embroidery, again, we see no sign of a revival of the old method. The church vestments exhibited by Dubus and by Seguy, of Paris, are not a whit better than they would have been had Pugin never preached on that text. There is nothing in the glass-house at South Kensington to rival the fine display of ancient embroidery in the Loan Exhibition had by except the frontals, &c. already described in the Ecclesiological Court. But from Algiers we have some good specimens of quasi-Oriental embroidery on cloth and muslin. The shawls and enchemires displayed in the French Court are generally good in design, notably those by Boas-Frères, Duché, and Chapusot. To these names we may add Planche and Chenevière; but the latter exhibitor must bear the blame of a novel and most startling development of sham. He has succeeded so well in photographing patterns of lace on silk that a cheap silk dress may be made to look as though its flounces were trimmed with the most costly lace! Real lace, Valenciennes, is a French *specialité*. Lecomte & Co. and M. Bouillet are represented by the best and worst specimens respectively. An exhibitor, bearing an English name, Ferguson of Paris, shows what he calls *Yak* lace and *Llama* lace. We cannot say anything in favour of the general taste of the French ribbons, nor of the designs for muslins. But in the tarlatans, made from the patterns of M. Klotz for the London firm of Grant & Gask, we see with pleasure a conscientious endeavour to work out true principles of design. French silks and velvets from Lyons are not improved; but many of the printed cottons seem to us better in colour and pattern than the dingy "Hoyles" from Manchester.

Spain, as might be expected, sends splendid lace. Fiter and Cabaneras, both of Barcelona, are the foremost exhibitors. Some gay trappings for horses and mules show that a semi-oriental taste still exists in the Peninsula. Spanish ecclesiastical embroidery, however, is of the most coarse and tasteless description. The textile fabrics from Austria and the Zollverein are but commonplace. In Belgium a carpet factory at Ingelsmunster has hit upon the unhappy device of taking for its patterns some of the low-life scenes of Flanders! The Tournay carpets are poor; and those from the Deventer factory in the Netherlands are no better. MM. Andries and Wanters, however, of Mechlin, have had the courage to introduce some bright-coloured borders into their blankets. From Switzerland we welcome excellent specimens of the characteristic machine-embroidered muslins, which are now so

extensively used for window-curtains in England. The designs, however, grievously want improving. The best seem to us to be those of Ehrenzeller of St. Gall. Steiger & Co. of Herisau have introduced coloured embroidery with good effect; but this firm has ventured on the abomination of representing in one of their curtains a distant prospect of an Alpine chain. From Russia we have some decent printed cottons; but taste in that empire is all but stationary, at its lowest ebb. The display of Russian church embroidery is very considerable; but it is all poor. It is curious, however, to see in this and in other departments some symptoms of a feeble pietistic school of art, like that of Dusseldorf, beginning to assert itself in presence of the almost immovable traditions of Byzantine design. In the Ionian Islands Court the visitors, οἱ ἐπισκεπόμενοι (as they are called in the notices), will not find much to admire in the embroideries exhibited, though the specimens are numerous enough. It is, of course, superfluous to say that the real Turkey carpets are in all respects admirable—unapproached as yet in sobriety, and repose, and exquisite harmony of colour. There are noble specimens here, imported by different houses. The Turkish muslins and embroideries rival the exquisite fabrics in the Indian Court. Unfortunately, as we remarked once before, European taste is threatening to invade the traditional art both of Hindostan and Asia Minor. Finally, a very curious, though a very ugly carpet, will be observed among the treasures of Oriental art which have been brought together from China. It will show that a pattern may be correct, as to the general laws of good design, and yet not be successful.

"READINGS."

WHEN the so-called Evangelical form of piety was rejoicing in a vigorous infancy, a meritorious little tale was published embodying the history of a religious tract. This tract, which was headed with the word "Eternity," printed in large capitals, fell, in the course of its migrations, into the hands of a youth who, though as yet unconverted, was not otherwise ill-disposed. Greatly struck with its title, he was still more deeply impressed by its contents, and, walking up to his bookcase, he surveyed the row of volumes lettered "Shakespeare," "Tom Jones," "Don Quixote," and so forth, exclaiming, as he arrived at each of them, "What has this to do with eternity?" The question, put to himself, was of course only intended to receive a negative answer, and accordingly Shakespeare, Fielding, Cervantes, and their associates were swept from their shelves to make way for *Alleyne's Alarm*, and other classics of the puritanical school.

There is something eminently respectable in consistency, even when it stands in the way of the best interests of mankind. A "trimmer" like Lord Halifax was probably much more serviceable to this country towards the end of the 17th century than an inflexible nonjuring bishop; but there is no doubt that, in any work of the ideal kind, the latter would make a far more effective figure than the former. Literary enthusiasts execrate the memory of Caliph Omar, but if, instead of destroying the whole of the Alexandrian Library, he had made a paltry reservation in favour of the works of Silius Italicus or Valerius Flaccus, his name would be loaded with an amount of contempt which does not attach to it at present. On the same principle, the youth who put his Shakespeare into the fire commands an esteem of which his modern successor, who shrinks from a theatre, but goes with smug countenance to hear a Shakespearian reading, is wholly unworthy. Something like forty years must have elapsed since the tale was told of this Omar of Evangelism, who conceived that his conversion was incomplete unless he made a holocaust of the masterpieces of English literature, and threw in a Spanish *chef d'œuvre* as a make-weight; but we indulge in the hope that, if he was a real and not a fictitious personage, he is still in the enjoyment of a green old age—that his *Alleyne's Alarm* is now for him a source, not of terror, but of comfort—and that with honest pride he rejoices in the reflection that the Saints of the Georgian era were not such trimmers and devil-cheaters as those who flourish under the reign of Queen Victoria. And yet we are bound to confess that, if his doings had become typical of the educated classes of Englishmen, the intellectual character of our country would have been utterly destroyed; whereas, the half-going patrons of readings and "entertainments" represent a modification of Puritanism which is unquestionably wholesome, and indicates a transition towards a state of greater enlightenment in the religious world. Unless some new obstacle arises in the shape of a sham revival, the son of the Islingtonian who listens to Mr. Phelps in the lecture-room only will go to Sadler's Wells without the slightest qualms of conscience. A "reading" is a doleful thing enough, but still there is hope in the fact that a mere abstinence from theatres is acknowledged by the Evangelical world as a sufficient sign of conversion without the further requisition of utter ignorance of the greatest British classics.

We must, then, be content, though not altogether without reluctance, to accept dramatic "readings" as a disagreeable necessity. A certain moral code, framed in direct opposition to everything like logical consistency, regulates the conduct of a large educated and semi-educated class, and an acceptance of this code is preferable to a consignment of the class in question to the intellectual darkness of a thoroughly logical Methodism. While there are people who will hear actors read and will not see them act—and these people greatly influence the whole of the community—we must, however grudgingly, accord them the dreary

recreation they require. But in the interests of anti-boredom we must protest that the solemn diversion is only to be encouraged within limits very sharply defined. The semi-Puritan may indeed be amused where the carnal are merely bored, but there is a degree of boredom which, like a touch of nature, makes the whole world kin.

To prevent all possibility of misunderstanding, let us premise, in the first place, that our remarks on "readings" have nothing to do with Mr. Charles Dickens's readings of his own works. Mr. Dickens is not only a deservedly popular author, but he is endowed with histrionic talent of no common order, as he amply proved years ago, when, at one of the amateur performances which took place under his direction, he played the principal part in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Lighthouse* with a degree of characteristic force which was not attained by an eminent professional actor when the piece was subsequently produced at a regular theatre. By this peculiar talent he is palpably distinguished from those literary gentlemen who, without oratorical gifts, seem merely to make an exhibition of their own faces. His impersonation—for such it was—of the characters of Mr. Peggotty and Micawber in *David Copperfield*, and his description of the storm, well repaid the trouble of a visit to St. James's Hall, and really conveyed additional information as to the idiosyncracies already made public through the medium of type and graver. Moreover, his larger novels, while eminently dramatic in their exhibition of individual peculiarities by means of dialogue, are essentially undramatic in plot, so that they are far more adequately represented in his readings of select portions than in those ponderous dramas in which, by one Procrustes after another, they were forced into reluctant compliance with the exigencies of the stage. Here, therefore, we have not a case in which the platform is received as an imperfect substitute for the theatre, since the former appears as the more fitting arena of the two.

It is when works are read which are manifestly written to be acted, that the operation of the semi-puritanical code is shown in all its force. Everybody who listens to the reading is perfectly aware that the form in which certain tragedies and comedies are presented to the auricular organs is precisely that which was not contemplated by the poet. Everybody knows that when Shakespeare put pen to paper he did not contemplate the production of the so-called "Dramatic Poem" of which we have such famous specimens in the *Faust* of Goethe, and the *Manfred* of Lord Byron, the theatrical representation of which is foreign to their original purpose. Everybody knows that Shakespeare's poetry, fine as it is, was written to be spoken by several persons, and to be materially assisted by a visible complicated action, which cannot be even remotely imitated on the platform. Nevertheless, with this knowledge deeply implanted in their minds, a large number of persons are content to pay the price of a theatrical stall to hear one lady or gentleman, dressed in plain clothes, and unassisted by scenic decoration, read the very words to which, without a pang of conscience, they would not listen, if uttered in the only manner intended by the author.

Since we must assume that the licence which allows these worthy folks to hear Shakespeare read aloud in public will, *à fortiori*, permit them to study him at home, and that they do not feel bound, like the pious youth who made a *vow* of his library, to devote the whole of their literary leisure to a careful study of Alleyne and Bunyan, we must likewise suppose that they expect to derive an amount of enjoyment from the lecture-room which is not to be obtained within the precincts of their own domiciles. Else why should they submit to the horrors of a December frost and the suffocation of a July crowd to acquire a familiarity with works equally attainable under circumstances of Sybaritical comfort? If some equivalent be not given them for their expenditure of time and toil, they are manifestly injured, and, as sufferers for conscience' sake, have fairly earned a little coronet of martyrdom which they have by no means coveted. The best possible equivalent is afforded when the "reader" of the evening is a professional actor, who has acquired a high reputation on the stage. The epicures of perfectly harmless recreation have been told by their more worldly kinsfolk of the wonders achieved by this illustrious gentleman as Hamlet, and by that accomplished lady as the wife of Macbeth; and though they congratulate themselves on their superior sanctity, they cannot help feeling that it has cost them a slight sacrifice. Suddenly, the welcome news arrives that those lights of the age, who have hitherto shone on the profane multitude alone, through the ungodly atmosphere of a theatre, will at last twinkle on the elect who confine their patronage to the hall and the institute. Rejoiced at the glad tidings, the tender of conscience go to hear the celebrated actor, and are at least made sufficiently acquainted with his elocutionary merits to be able to tell their less scrupulous friends that they also have seen the great Mr. Roscius, and can fully appreciate his high qualifications. Firmly grounded too in their belief that acting is wicked, while reading is harmless, they may justifiably boast to themselves that, by encouraging the duller kind of dramatic entertainment, they are inviting the members of an unholy profession to quit the broad road of vice for the narrow path of innocence. If they wish to back up their moral reasoning with a plausible æsthetical argument, they may even contend that a play is better represented on a platform than on a stage, inasmuch as a company of actors necessarily comprises a certain number of sticks, whereas the unassisted reader is a first-rate man, who does full justice to every part. As reading, however good, can never be an equivalent for visible action, especially in works of the Shakespearian school,

this theory is utterly fallacious. Nevertheless, for those who argue for the sake of victory, not of truth, it will do exceedingly well.

Having arrived thus at the conviction that the eminent actor who becomes a reader is capable of affording enjoyment to a large number of estimable persons who, without his assistance, would probably remain ignorant of every species of elocution save that of the pulpit and the religious platform, we draw the legitimate inference that readings by celebrated artists are in every way worthy of encouragement. Under this category come the readings of Miss Glyn (now the undisputed head of the semi-histrionic profession), of Mr. Phelps, and of Mr. Creswick; and there is no doubt that if Mr. Charles Kean, who has already given a reading or two in the country, were to repeat the experiment in London, he would attract a vast multitude of admirers. But when persons equally unknown to the godly and the profane thrust themselves before the public, and, with just that proficiency in elocution which is shown by every one of the schoolboys at an annual recitation, undertake to give readings at prices as high as those which command admission to a theatre, the time to exclaim *Ohe, jam satis!* has arrived. Here saint and sinner have one common cause. The Evangelical dry-salter who would like to hear Mr. Charles Kean, but dare not enter a theatre, may be curious to see the eminent tragedian on the platform, but he can be no more anxious than the most hardened *roué* about town to ascertain how *Hamlet* is read by the obscure Brown of Birmingham, or the unknown Higginbotham of Massachusetts. It is a cruelty to invite him to part with his honestly earned money, to leave his comfortable fire-side, to wear out his good shoe leather, for the sake of witnessing an entertainment that could as well be afforded by any one of his hopeful sons who has made the least progress in his useful studies at Salem House Academy. Perhaps Brown is gifted with a terribly strong memory, and recites you whole cantos of Spenser without book; but what is that to our dry-salter? The fact that a man is gifted with extraordinary mnemonic powers cannot possibly be a source of high gratification to any one but himself and his creditors. To his friends the endowment may be a cause of positive annoyance. It is recorded of Cyrus that he could repeat the name of every man in his great army; but how stupendous must have been the bore if he frequently indulged his generals with a display of the accomplishment! After the sixth infliction, they would certainly have called to mind that grand constitutional principle of Oriental monarchy according to which it is indeed an absolute despotism, but tempered by assassination. Let us imagine that the primitive saint of forty years ago, while deep in the perusal of his Alleyne, received a visit from an utter stranger, who, taking the pious volume out of his hand, seated himself in an arm-chair and offered to read aloud in consideration of half-a-crown. How would the intruder have been welcomed? Unquestionably the saint would have replied with all courtesy, "Thank ye for the generous offer, but I'll read Alleyne myself, and keep the half-crown in my pocket."

There is reason to believe that the intrinsic repulsiveness of readings by obscure persons has at last been discovered. A few months since, the series of aspirants anxious to reach the pinnacle of fame by the easiest possible route threatened to become interminable; but now, even the centripetal force of the Exhibition, which indirectly causes "sights" to spring up in every corner of the town, fails to increase the number of "readers." As for the "entertainments," with which "readings" are by no means to be confounded, it is worthy of observation that they are becoming so decidedly dramatic in form, that it will soon be difficult to distinguish them from the comedietta and the vaudeville. Almost the only representative of the purely vocal and narrative school is a novice named Arthur Sketchly, who has made a favourable impression as a sort of untravelled Albert Smith.

ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

AMONG the many ingenious contrivances for swelling the receipts of the Bazaar at Kensington, it is singular that some audacious Commissioners have not hit upon a plan for diverting into their coffers some portion of the gains which the theatrical managers are now reaping from the crowds of country visitors who nightly fill their theatres. Some such scheme ought surely to have found a place among the other indirect taxes upon our luncheons, umbrellas, and other small conveniences, which are levied for the benefit of the unfortunate guarantors. The regular Londoner, too, who is unlucky enough to be obliged, at this season of the year, to be in town, would not eye the notion with any great disfavour. Owing to the simplicity with which the country folks and foreign visitors fill our theatres, whatever be the entertainment provided, the "talented leesees" are playing nothing but pieces which should, in the ordinary course of things, have long ago given up their theatrical existence; and we cannot enter a theatre without seeing an announcement, in the largest characters the printer's art can turn out, that the pieces provided for our amusement are now in the two or three hundredth night of their too successful career. And although we may rejoice that the present piece of good fortune has befallen the managers—to whom, perhaps, as a class, fortune is not generally very kind—yet the Rochefoucauld maxim, that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends not altogether displeasing, might induce us to view with a grim satisfaction an attempt to make them pay some slight penalty

for filling their houses by means of pieces which no Londoner can possibly care to see.

Undeterred, however, by any such design which might be hatching in the brains of the Commissioners, and anxious to secure a share of the golden shower which just now is enriching the theatrical world, the managers of the English Opera have anticipated the usual date of their season by nearly two months. These two months, however, they have devoted, with natural, if not laudable economy, to their stock operas, and they propose, we presume, to produce any novelties they have in store during their regular season, when the present excitement has come to an end, and London has subsided into its ordinary habits and pleasures. The company is, except in one particular—and that, unluckily, a very important one—very strong, and will enable the management to play any operas they may wish to produce in an efficient manner. Besides Miss Pyne, we have, as soprani, Mdle. Parepa, and a *débutante*, Miss Sara Dobson, of whom we shall speak presently; while that very useful and agreeable singer, Miss Thirlwall, undertakes the minor characters. Madame Laura Baxter, very well known in the concert-room, but who has not before appeared on the stage, is the contralto. Mr. Weiss has been added to the basses, among whom are Mr. Santley and Mr. Corri, as last season. Among the tenors Mr. Haigh has given place to Mr. George Perren—a change we cannot think for the better. In fact, the company is sadly in want of a first-rate tenor. It cannot be disguised that Mr. Harrison is no longer capable of supporting the principal part in an opera. His intonation is now often very sadly at fault, and time has not improved his method of producing his voice, never entirely satisfactory. If he would confine himself to parts of a humorous or eccentric character, which do not demand much sustained singing, he might still do good service to the English Opera, but he is only courting unfavourable criticism by persisting in occupying the principal tenor part in every opera that is produced. Mr. George Perren has not sufficient voice for so large a house as Covent Garden, and his ideas of acting carry us back to the old days when the action and singing in an opera were done by separate performers. He sadly wants a double for the dramatic portions of his parts. It is with every wish for the success of the English Opera that we make these remarks, and we are convinced that the managers are perilling their reputation by allowing so important an element in an operatic company to be so inadequately provided for.

From this company we have had, for the last month, *The Lily of Killarney*, *Dinorah*, *The Rose of Castille*, *The Crown Diamonds*, and *Maritana*, with Miss Pyne and Mdle. Parepa in the principal character; and *Lurline*, and recently *The Sonnambula*, have been given to introduce Miss Sara Dobson. Although new to a London audience, Miss Dobson is by no means a novice to the stage, as for the last year she has been singing at Turin, and previously had made an essay in the North of England as Amina in *The Sonnambula*. We believe Miss Dobson brings with her a considerable reputation from Italy; but so many Italian swans turn out to be little better than British geese when they are heard in London, that a reputation must rest upon some more solid foundation than the fickle enthusiasm of an Italian audience, if it is to be maintained in this country. On the present occasion, however, without endorsing quite all the eulogiums of her foreign friends, we can have no hesitation in welcoming Miss Dobson as a decided acquisition to our operatic stage. She has had the advantage of commencing her musical training under one of our best singers, Mrs. Wood, who as Miss Paton was the original Reizina in Weber's *Oberon*; and of whom, after hearing her at rehearsal, the composer, in a letter to his wife, said he could not understand why English singers were so much abused, as she had an excellent voice, and sang with a good method. This lady was also the instructress of Miss Filling, who made so favourable an impression at Covent Garden about three years ago. Mrs. Wood has succeeded in developing a very sweet clear voice in Miss Dobson, which is produced without effort, and without that detestable tremolo—the vice of nearly all modern singers—against which we have so often protested. Her powers of execution are very considerable; but she must not imagine that they are yet complete, and do not require any further attention. Amina, in *The Sonnambula*, affords a better opportunity for testing the accuracy and brilliancy of her passages than does *Lurline*; and in the quick movement of "My dear Companions," the chromatic passages were unsteady, and wanted clearness. The rondo finale was, however, very well given. Both the opening song in *Lurline*, "Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine!" and the well-known "Gentle Spirit," exhibited Miss Dobson's power of interpreting pathetic passages in a very favourable light; and we believe, from her rendering of these passages, that she has the power of imparting the proper tone to her voice for different styles of music. In the concerted pieces, however, we confess to feeling disappointed with the effect Miss Dobson produced. In the unaccompanied quartett in *Lurline*, and the celebrated bed-room quintett in *The Sonnambula*, the leading part did not come out with the clearness and decision necessary for the success of the pieces. Miss Dobson's voice seems strong enough to prevent our assigning want of power as the cause, and we trust that she does not reserve herself entirely for solo display. As an actress, she has everything to learn, but, fortunately, nothing to unlearn. She is free from any mannerism or stage tricks; but then she is also free from any notion of presenting the dramatic features of a part, or of individualizing the character she plays. Had we only seen her in *Lurline*, we might have

attributed this shortcoming to the character of the heroine of that most Fitzballian drama, and of which not even a Malibran or a Gisi could, we are sure, make anything; but Miss Dobson's performance of Amina was equally destitute of anything like dramatic vigour. Remembering as we do how—as in the case of Madame Bosio, and the managers of the English Opera herself—several singers, originally almost ridiculous as actresses, have forced themselves to become, if not great dramatic artists, at all events satisfactory representatives of the characters they have undertaken, we do not despair of much improvement from Miss Dobson in this particular. In characters demanding great force, or considerable vivacity, she may perhaps never fully succeed; but in parts of gentle pathos, or requiring only a quiet ladylike demeanour, she may, we think, if she chooses, win the favour of the public. As a singer, both with respect to voice and execution, we think she is very far superior to the ladies who last year and the season before divided with Miss Pyne the post of principal soprano. Mr. Santley sang the music of the Count in *The Sonnambula*, we believe for the first time in London, and was most admirable. There is, however, a something of delicacy still wanted to make his singing absolute perfection. Madame Laura Baxter has appeared in *Dinorah*, in the part of the Goatherd; and also in *Lurline*. We cannot say she shows any very striking talent as a dramatic artist, although her fine voice and good style of singing are heard with pleasure, occasionally somewhat marred by a tendency she has to sing slightly flat. Mr. Alfred Mellon still presides over a very excellent band, whose playing is excellent; but we fear the chorus has not yet recovered from the hard work it has undergone during the past season, as it appeared to be wanting in tone and also to be singing coarsely.

There has been no special announcement of the novelties which may be expected during the winter months, but we believe operas by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Macfarren will be among the earliest. With three good soprano voices, and such basses as Mr. Santley and Mr. Weiss, we think a translation of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* would be highly attractive, especially as it depends so little upon the tenor (the weak point of the company, as we have already pointed out) for its success. When we remember what pleasure the revival of this opera at Her Majesty's Theatre gave during the past season, with Miss Pyne and Mr. Santley in the principal characters, we cannot help thinking the scheme would be worth trying; but the mysteries of management are inscrutable and its ways past finding out, and the old theory that the public only cares for English Opera when served up in the ballad style still lingers, in spite of all that is said, and said truly, of our advanced musical tastes.

REVIEWS.

DR. DÖLLINGER.*

TWO works by Dr. Dollinger of Munich, probably the most learned and candid of modern Ultramontane divines, have recently been translated into English. In one of them, *The Gentile and the Jew*, he describes the world as it was, intellectually and morally, before Christianity, and the condition of society which required Christianity as a remedy, and prepared the way for it. In the other, *The Church and the Churches*, he describes the world as it is, in respect of religion and the kindred points of philosophical tendencies, moral elevation, and social success, now that Christianity has been at work for eighteen centuries. The two works are entirely different in their structure and plan. One is a work of pure learning, a scientific investigation of a large question belonging to the department of ecclesiastical history and the history of human thought. The other is a *livre d'occasion*, an overgrown pamphlet on the prominent subject of the day—the temporal power of the Pope, and what ought to be thought and done about it. The two works are entirely unconnected, and in different lines of writing; and one probably was not thought of when the other was written. The fears and hostilities and partisanships of the day are in the one—they have no place in the other. But the reader who has the two works brought before him at once is struck with the fact, that in both the same phenomenon in human society is exhibited and strongly dwelt upon. In one, the most favoured and hopeful portions of mankind are represented as going astray in endless confusion of opinion and moral conviction, losing every clue to truth, and sinking at every step lower in degradation and corruption. The representation is made for the purpose of pointing out the necessity of Christianity, and its remedial influences. But in the second work, the writer exhibits society, also in the most elevated and advanced portions of it, as it appears in the last stage to which it has reached under the power of Christianity; and the picture, as he paints it, is the same. He exhibits it—the world of civilization, of thought, of freedom, of moral growth and effort—as torn to pieces by bewildering debates, obstinately rejecting truth and light, desperately struggling after an unattainable improvement, going farther and farther astray, and century after century, and even year by year, losing more and more of the

wisdom, the morality, the stability, and certainty which were once possessed. Modern Christendom presents to his eye the same spectacle of complicated mistakes, irretrievable failure, melancholy miscarriage even of honest effort and self-sacrifice, which he describes in the heathen world as making Christianity necessary in order to prevent society from perishing. Of course it need not be said that in the Roman Catholic communion he sees a bright exception and contrast to all this. But no Roman Catholic, though he try ever so hard, and much less one like Dr. Dollinger, can really exclude from Christendom all that does not belong to the Roman Catholic Church; and it is the most intellectually active, the most energetic and serious races—those most ready to mend what is wrong, and try after what is better, those most alive to moral appeals and responsibility—which contribute most materials to Dr. Dollinger's picture of confusion, shortcomings, and decay.

No one has a right to complain of a Roman Catholic divine liking to use the weapon which Bossuet showed to be such an effective engine of controversy, even though he may not wield it with Bossuet's skill. It is quite fair of him to hunt through all its windings, with keen and discriminating zest, the endless development of German theology, and all its doublings, and deflections, and transformations, and revivals, since the invention of the great article of a standing or falling Church. He may lawfully make merry with the odd features which English Christianity, whether in the Church or the sects, must present to a foreigner, a German, and a learned dogmatist. He may be excused for making the most of the abundant anomalies of theory, position, and organization to be found in the English Church, and for quoting, inasmuch as they are generally expressed with much more point and in more telling sarcasms than are attainable by a German, our own unsparing criticisms on our own ways. His picture of religion, at least in England, is carefully elaborated, and is probably not more inaccurate than the average of such general descriptions which a man makes by picking out of a great number of books the points which fall in with his preconceived notions. We do not recognise it as true or like, but it contains a certain number of true things, more or less understood. A foreigner, setting to work to criticize England, must find himself in an *embarras de richesses*, with our periodical press before him; and if he takes the trouble to work his mine—if he selects one trait from a leading article of the *Times*, and another from a leading article of the *Union*, and combines them to form an ideal picture—if he appeals to ourselves about the pleasantness of feeling oneself right and everybody else wrong, or about Mr. Spurgeon's view that he need do nothing more for his soul than sing hymns and sleep, and to the stern sneer of the austere *Ecclesiastic* about Anglican clergymen, that "perhaps no men in any other profession under the sun spend so much time with their wives and children—" we have no right to complain, whatever we may think of the limner's power to produce a portrait that is anything like real life. It is pardonable in a Roman Catholic divine—especially at a moment like this, when the fortunes of the Papacy seem low—and in a writer of Dr. Dollinger's candour, who has several admissions to make against his own cause, to revel in the plentiful confessions, on the part of his adversaries, of inconsistency and defeat, and to ride in easy triumph through the whole series of Protestant perplexities and mutual fault-finding. Nevertheless, a writer so familiar as he is with the history of mankind and of the Church might be expected to be impressed with the fact, that the more he urges the hopeless confusions and failures of religious effort in modern Christendom, the more he is bringing modern Christendom to a likeness to that condition of things from which he alleges that Christianity was necessary to deliver society. Christendom, as we said, is painted in his controversial pamphlet, pretty nearly as he paints heathenism in his history. If so, how has Christianity been the remedy, which he believes it to have been, to the distractions and dependency of the heathen world set forth by him in such detail as a contrast to Christianity? To say that Christianity and its remedial influences are concentrated in the Roman Church, is simply to give up the question; for it is just where these difficulties most exist, that the Roman Church fails, and has least power and least hope. Dr. Dollinger, at least, Ultramontane as he is, may be supposed to understand that it would be a poor triumph over Protestantism which involved the consequence that Christianity, in its power to raise and guide society in its highest forms, has been a failure. Yet a failure it has been, if the Roman Church is its only legitimate representative—if the faults and practical shortcomings of the Roman Church (not to assume any other errors in it) are entirely pardonable and of light account, and the excellences developed in the non-Roman parts of Christendom are, in a theological point of view, of no weight, and controversially irrelevant.

The world is, no doubt, a good deal out of joint; but the real question, whether it is so because it is not Roman Catholic, or whether it would be set right by becoming Roman Catholic, can hardly be said to be fully dealt with by Dr. Dollinger. A Roman Catholic champion, however, is bound to assume the unalterable perfection of the Church, and to find this unalterable perfection in the communion which obeys the Pope. Other people may be at liberty to form their views of history according as facts have run their course. He can only write history *a priori*, and must persuade himself somehow that facts have corresponded to his assumptions. But, making allowance for Dr. Dollinger's being bound to see an ideal perfection in the Papal monarchy and unity which,

* *The Gentile and the Jew; an Introduction to the History of Christianity.* By J. J. Dollinger; translated by N. Darnell, late Fellow of New College. Longman & Co. 1862.

The Church and the Churches. By Dr. Dollinger; translated by W. B. McCabe. Hurst & Blackett. 1862.

to all but Roman Catholics, seems contradicted by every fact in history, and by the conditions of human nature, as well as by the Bible, we find in him a readiness to see things as they are, which is not often met with in his French and English brethren. He is not nearly so logical, so epigrammatic, so forcible in putting his case; on the other hand, he understands better what knowledge is, and has something of the modesty and temperateness of knowledge. It is a contrast to what we have been accustomed to lately, to hear a stout Ultramontane warning his friends against abusing Luther, and not only admitting that the Reformation was fully provoked, that it sprang from the better qualities of the German people, and that it has been of the greatest benefit in purifying and elevating life and thought, but that "the rust of abuses and of a mechanical superstition is always forming afresh in the Church," and needs a periodical outbreak of the reforming spirit. It is well known that he takes a middle position with respect to the question of the Temporal Power; and it is highly characteristic that he cannot say what he has to say about it without writing a thick octavo volume, embracing a minute survey of the peculiarities of all other diverging forms and organizations of Christianity. His views on the present state of things in the Papacy are of importance more for the admissions which he makes than for the conclusions to which he comes. He does not, like Passaglia, give up the idea of the Temporal Power; on the contrary, he considers it absolutely indispensable for the Pope's independence; and though he thinks that the Pope will very likely be turned out of Rome, yet he is confident that, somewhere or other, a Delos will rise from the sea to support the chair of St. Peter. But, though he stands up for the reforming intentions of Pius IX. ever since the return from Gaeta, he shows at large that the Papal States have been so abominably misgoverned that it is not only natural, but the result of the righteous judgment of God, that the present system of government should be overthrown, at whatever apparent cost to the Papal Court and Government. The interruption, he hopes and thinks, will be only temporary; but, in the meanwhile, it is fully deserved, and must be accepted as a chastisement. The faults of the Roman Government, he maintains, though deep, are accidental, and recent. The main evil—the employment of ecclesiastics, and men in the position of ecclesiastics, in the secular business of the Government—only dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. The combination of a clerical "civil service" with a highly centralized bureaucracy after the French model is not more than forty-five years old, and was the mistaken device of Cardinal Consalvi. It may be remarked, that the evils of Papal Government are much older than Cardinal Consalvi, and that it was before his time that the friendly biographer of Pius VI. observed that, "with the exception of Turkey, the country beyond all others worst governed was that of the Papal States." According to Dr. Dollinger's own showing, the great misfortune has always been, that, while the Popes always had the best and noblest intentions, somehow or another there were always at hand agents and subordinates to baffle them; and so uniform an effect seems to imply a uniform and overruling tendency to go continually wrong. The unreserved and unsparing way in which he lays open the hopeless tangle into which the affairs of the Pope's Government have fallen, is more telling than the assurances of better things to come with which he endeavours to remove the natural impressions produced by the picture of a rule as weak as it is pernicious.

Dr. Dollinger, who thinks that the Catholic world has no right to require of the Romans to submit to be ill-governed for its own convenience, manifestly anticipates, in the case of the present Papal Government, the natural and usual results of ill government. But he seems also to look forward to great benefits to the Papacy from the expulsion of the Pope from Rome. He expects that a great reform in its internal organization will be the fruit of its disasters, and that it will rise, braced and tempered afresh, from the keen touch of misfortune. He invites the Pope and the Papal Court into Germany, to see how Catholicism sustains itself in a land of free thought; and as he does not doubt but that after a time the Italian Kingdom will fall to pieces, and that Rome and Italy will be only too glad to have the Pope back again, he looks forward to the bright prospect offered by the Pope's return to an entirely altered position, where the old traditions of a purely ecclesiastical government will have been broken, and the ground will be cleared for him to inaugurate a new and more suitable order of things, in which the administration shall be entirely secular. That the Romans, if the Pope is turned out, may wish him back again, and that in the course of events he may, some time or other, be brought back, cannot be thought improbable. But a view which rests on the likelihood of a serious and radical change in the spirit and ideas of the Papal Court is too unreal for any one to accept who is not urged to do so by his hopes and wishes. The Papacy has strong roots, and even now, perhaps, has a better game than it appears to have; but what single sign or feature can be pointed out in our long experience of it, old and new, to authorize any one to believe that it is capable of admitting in its system large and real reforms? It is, we think, premature to talk of it yet as doomed; but it is chimerical to expect to see it, either by favourable circumstances, or by great trials and disasters, much improved from what it has been since the Reformation. Dr. Dollinger fails to give us any reasons for thinking so, except fine-sounding words; and the ordinary defenders of the Pope would reject with the utmost scorn the supposition that improvement was needed. It is very wonderful that thoughtful and

comprehensive minds, so acute to see blots and flaws in the most successful institutions of human skill, can prevail on themselves to rest the hopes of the world on the Papacy. But it is hard to say which is most wonderful—that they should rest these hopes on the Papacy as it is, or, like Dr. Dollinger, on the sanguine expectation that it is on the point of bursting into a second spring, and entering upon a second age of triumphant achievement.

PARIS IN 1862.*

TEN years of Imperial Government have produced marked changes in Paris and Parisian society which cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer. It is, no doubt, generally true that each generation differs essentially in modes of thought and action from that which immediately precedes it. But there are some particular epochs when the movement which is ever going on in society is more distinctly visible, and when even the most stagnant and apathetic minds become aware of the transformation which is taking place around them. Under the present régime the external aspect of Paris has been completely changed. The Imperial architects have already demolished half the old town to make room for new streets, boulevards, and public buildings. There is a vast addition to the population both of residents and strangers, and there is a commercial activity only second to that of London. No European capital has been so much affected by the completion of the great lines of railway, and the rapid development of trade that has followed the discoveries of the new gold-producing countries. Paris has become intensely cosmopolitan in consequence of the vast and increasing number of foreigners attracted thither by business or pleasure. Its rapid growth and its great prosperity, due in some measure to the Imperial policy, but much more to the spread of commercial enterprise in France, have surpassed the dreams of Parisian ambition and avarice. It is completely changed from the Paris of the Restoration and the Orleans dynasty. The change of manners and habits is, perhaps, not so striking at first sight as the altered appearance of the place; but those who are best acquainted with Paris declare that the Second Empire has already produced a remarkable change in the feelings and tastes of the Parisians. It is now fourteen years since the overthrow of Louis Philippe's Government, and the wanton destruction of the best political system that France had ever known. A year of anarchy led to the installation of Napoleonism as the ruling principle. So violent a political revolution would of itself have been sufficient to exercise a powerful influence on Paris and Parisian life, if there had been no other causes at work to affect the national character. To exchange a free Parliament and a free press for a gorgeous military despotism and a vigilant censorship, to witness the violence and bloodshed through which a successful usurper attained his objects, and to see a victorious and profligate faction gorging itself with plunder, was a terrible humiliation for a high-spirited people to endure. Resistance was, and for the present seems to be, utterly hopeless, but in the meantime the intellect of France cannot forget the days when it was free and unfettered. A deep-seated discontent pervades all the educated classes. No one believes that the present state of things can last, and no one wishes that it should. On the other hand, there is the great material prosperity which has been coincident in time with the Imperial rule, and which is claimed as the result of the Imperial policy. To both causes must be attributed the present aspect of French society.

When manners and habits are rapidly and visibly changing, there is obviously an opportunity for controversy between the defenders of the past and the hopeful apologists of what is called "progress." In a popular book of the last season we find a very ingenious defence of Imperialism, and an elaborate account of all the benefits supposed to have accrued from it. It is so clever and so complimentary that we might have supposed it to have been written by the Emperor himself, if it had not been well known that that august monarch is exclusively occupied with the Italian question and the Life of Julius Cæsar. According to the author of *Ten Years of Imperialism*, everybody in France is rich and happy, Paris becoming more wealthy and more beautiful every day, and the Emperor universally adored as a beneficent Providence. Others, perhaps with equally good opportunities of observation, tell a very different tale, and warn us that the apparent apathy—or, as it is called, contentment—of French society, is the calm that precedes the storm. It is not very easy to get at the truth, and we should be grateful to any French man of letters who would write a philosophical essay on the state of opinion in France, and the influence which the events of the last dozen years have had upon the mind of the existing generation.

M. Gustave Claudin has, in an evil hour for himself, published a small volume on the fascinating subject of Paris. With about enough matter for two indifferent *feuilletons*, it is as unlucky a specimen of the art of book-making as we have ever had the misfortune to peruse. It was a subject on which there was something to say, but he has not said it. He is satisfied with giving us some seventeen chapters on different matters, considerably helped out by long quotations from books which most people have read. He professes to be enthusiastically fond of Paris, to admire its increasing splendour, but to regret the charms of a society which flourished before railways and electric telegraphs were invented. Parisian society

* Gustave Claudin. Paris: Dentu. Paris: 1862.

is spoiled, we are told, by the formalism which has taken the place of the graceful intimacy that characterized the *salons* of the olden time; and it is said that the art of conversation, as it existed formerly, is utterly lost. Clubs are complained of, as they are in London, for keeping men away from evening entertainments, and for encouraging irregular and anti-social habits. On these and similar matters M. Claudin utters a feeble moan, as if he were an *émigré* marquis, and not a very commonplace penny-a-liner. We have searched his pages in vain for a single sentence worth quoting.

It is no doubt true that the art of society is not cultivated in Paris now to the same extent, or rather in the same manner, that it was formerly. There are many reasons to account for such a change. The allegation, too, is not a new one—it has been perpetually repeated ever since the first revolution. The truth is, French society has never recovered from the shock of the various political convulsions which have taken place during the last seventy years; and it is simply absurd to hope or wish for a return of the coteries of idle but cultivated ladies and gentlemen, who made a business of what is called society, and won reputations by their achievements in that harmless and graceful occupation. In those good old times the idle and frivolous had Paris all to themselves; they chatted and told anecdotes, and they patronized any clever writer or talker who could amuse them. But in these days the class of idlers is sadly diminished in numbers and importance. The *salon* has no political influence, and rarely opens the road to preferment. The littérateur prefers to stand well with his publisher to the patronage of an admiring circle of dandies and literary ladies. The exaggerated influence which belonged to the *salons* of Paris in the last century is destroyed for ever, and with it, no doubt, has disappeared an enormous amount of affectation and presumption. But it does not follow that there is less real enjoyment of good society among educated French people. It is easy to understand that, from the state of political parties as well as from other causes, there may be less freedom of expression than in other countries, but we very much doubt whether French ladies and gentlemen have ceased to be witty and agreeable. It would seem, too, that there is a great fallacy in attempting to compare the society of the present day with that which existed half a century or more ago. It is like comparing a whole nation with a privileged class. The percentage of well-bred people is probably larger than it ever was before; but from the more democratic character of society, any person may be exposed to the danger of meeting people who are by no means well bred. The correct inference is, not that manners have become less refined, but that people of good manners are less arrogant and exclusive. It has always seemed to us that a good deal of nonsense has been written about the *salons* of Paris. The glowing eulogies of them that are so often met with in French writers are generally composed by a member of the circle for the special gratification of his friends and patrons. When those *réunions* were composed of clever and good-humoured people, social intercourse must have been of the most agreeable character; but it must have often happened that the *salon* was only a theatre for the exhibition of conventional politeness and offensive pretension.

But it may be said, and we fear with truth, that at the present time the best educated and most refined classes do not exercise the influence which they are justly entitled to. If it be so, it is one of the worst results of the Imperial system. The Emperor, whether from choice or necessity, has been debarred from the support and assistance of the best men in France. His Court and his party do not include any of the names which have shed lustre on French literature and statesmanship. His adherents are mere adventurers, distinguished only by fidelity to their master, and an insatiable appetite for places and pensions. They have been in politics what the speculators on the Bourse are in trade—they have gambled successfully. It is a dangerous and corrupting example, and one which cannot fail to have a demoralizing effect on Parisian society. Something is known, and a good deal more is believed, of the rapacity and venality of the Imperialist party. They sit in high places, and live in sumptuous palaces, but are despised by all the educated classes. It is difficult to conceive a more humiliating spectacle for those Frenchmen who still feel for the honour of their country. But success always attracts some worshippers, by whatever means it may have been reached; and it may be believed that the character of the party by which the Emperor is surrounded is one of the most demoralizing influences at work in French society.

Next to the change of government, the commercial development of Paris deserves to be considered, with reference to its effect on the people. In former days, Paris was the centre of government, of arts, and of literature, but held a very subordinate rank as a trading and manufacturing city. But now, from the construction of railways, and from the spirit of speculation which has taken hold of the Parisians, trade has increased enormously in every branch. A very large proportion of the resident population are engaged in trading operations. The French appear to have lost their proverbial timidity in commerce, and rush into ventures that the Exchanges of London or Hamburg refuse to undertake. A large share of the business which has been so suddenly created seems to be essentially of a gambling character, an evil which in the end will inevitably work its own cure. But in the meantime it is extremely mischievous and demoralizing, combined as it often has been with political intrigue and official corruption. In the

long run, the increased importance of the trading element of the community in Paris will probably prove to be a beneficial corrective of frivolity and idleness, though it may for a time seem to be accompanied with a loss of external polish and refinement. Already we are told that the Parisian seems to be more busy and more in earnest about his business than his forefathers, and he has prospered accordingly. A good deal is said of the great increase of luxury—a complaint which is for ever made when times are good, and when large fortunes are being rapidly accumulated. The Imperial Court sets the example of prodigal expenditure, and wealthy strangers flock to Paris in order to spend their money there. Consequently, in certain quarters of the town there is a lavish display of wealth, and an eagerness for enjoyment at any cost, which contrast strangely with the quietness and frugality of ordinary French life. But, generally speaking, there has been no greater increase of comfort and luxury than might be reasonably expected in prosperous times.

To encourage and extend trade has been a great object with the Emperor, and in justice it must be admitted that many of his measures have been wisely framed with a view to those ends. But if it be expected that commercial success will console the French nation for the loss of political liberty, it is a grievous error. It is impossible to convert a whole nation into cynical and selfish traders, and, least of all, the French nation. Unless the edifice is to be crowned with freedom, it must and will fall. With the educated classes, whose opinion will always ultimately triumph, Imperialism has never been popular. They are not to be dazzled by the appearance of material prosperity, and they detest the system of repression under which they live. So long as this weight presses on society, it is not surprising that strangers should observe an altered behaviour and a constant uneasiness among the Parisians. They are proud of their beautiful city, they are active in business, but they are not proud of their sovereign, or of a Government in which they have no share. Superficial critics like M. Claudin dilate upon trifling changes of fashion in costume and in cookery, and announce, in solemn commonplace, that the present age is essentially one of transition; but it is to the political state of France that we must look for a true explanation of its social phenomena.

A CRUISE UPON WHEELS.*

THIS is a very amusing book. Now-a-days the Sentimental Journey gives way to the Facetious; and in lieu of prurient episodes and moralizings over dead donkeys, Mr. Charles Collins gives us in these pages a very lively account of the innumerable petty problems which a traveller must solve who essays to drive across France from Calais to Geneva. It is an experiment, he says in his preface, "to write the history of a journey in which the interest attaches more to the persons who travel, than to the places which they travel through—to treat mountains and rivers, woods and towns, as, after all, but the background to a figure picture; and to give the full weight and value to all the smaller incidents of each day's pilgrimage." In this experiment, which is not quite such an anomaly as Mr. Collins seems to suppose, he is in his way as successful as Gainsborough with his Blue Boy. It is no slight tribute to his cleverness to have written two volumes of travel in provincial France without a single quotation from Murray. That he brings to his task much higher qualifications than mere cleverness, is clear from the vein of genuine humour which runs through his writings—a humour that forcibly recalls Mr. Dickens, perhaps all the more that it is frequently exaggerated and overdone.

Unlike most books of travel, this is written in the third person, and the characters are professedly fictitious. But we are much mistaken if Mr. Collins is not relating his own experiences of the old roads and cities of France. And, if we might indulge in a further hypothesis, we should be disposed to think, from the nervous alarms and constant perturbations which are his chief characteristics, that Mr. Pinchbold is an embodiment of the fears which haunt the female breast in connexion with dingy rooms in lonely roadside inns. Whatever the sex of the real Pinchbold, we give Mr. Collins the benefit of this surmise, as an excuse for his periodical lapses into mere farce, and farce not of the raciest kind. To take the story as it is presented to us, two Englishmen, Mr. Fudge and Mr. Pinchbold, the one a briefless barrister, and the other a nameless author, are spending a part of their vacation in the odorous French seaport of Malaise. The bad smells, and the intolerable tyranny of a French maid christened by the Englishmen "Agnes the Abhorrent," co-operating with a detestation of railways entertained by Mr. Fudge, give birth to the grand idea of the *Cruise upon Wheels*. The first thing needful is a horse, but a purchase of this kind is a matter of great difficulty, the intending purchasers being both profoundly ignorant of horse-flesh. They are referred, however, to M. Garrot, the principal dealer in Malaise:—

The scene disclosed to view was one with which all who have ever ventured on a horse transaction are acquainted. There are few things more bewildering to the judgment, few that inform less and perplex more, than that row of whisking tails which first meets the eye of him who enters a dealer's stall. As Mr. Fudge stood gazing at the back view of a dozen horses, he felt, it must be owned, extremely helpless. It was no use to stand

* *A Cruise upon Wheels: the Chronicle of some Autumn Wanderings among the deserted Past-roads of France.* By Charles Allston Collins. Routledge, 1862.

where he was, and the object which our friends had in view would be still less served by his going away; so Mr. Fudge proceeded next to walk down the stable, and pass the row of uninforming tails in review before him. As he did this, accompanied closely by Monsieur Garrot—Mr. Pinchbold was attended by the groom—some of the horses would turn their heads round and stare at him with every variety of expression in their eyes. In one respect, however, their expressions seemed to Mr. Fudge to agree; they all seemed to say, though for somewhat different reasons, “Young man, beware of me.” No. 1 would give this caution with a rapid glance, which showed a great amount of the white of the eye, a haggard angular-looking eye, “I am a wild, unmanageable, unbroken brute; beware of me.” No. 2 would administer the same caution, but from a different motive, with a small and nearly closed eye, even in movement, and an ear to match. He said, as plainly as these organs could speak, “I am a nervous wretch; I shy at everything the least suspicious, and sometimes bolt, though not from vice, but fear.” No. 3 would bite at her stall, and, dropping her ears flat on her neck, with a suspicious little stamp of the hind leg, said very plainly, “I am, young sir, a confirmed kicker; beware of me, at any cost beware of me.” Whilst No. 4, looking round with a protracted and mild scrutiny, spoke in good set terms to this effect: “My temper is calm, and I am not vicious; but know, thou noble youth, that I have tumbled, and shall tumble on, to the end of my life; so, whatever you do, beware of me, and turn your attention elsewhere.”

Having resisted the blandishments of M. Garrot, and promised “to think about it,” they are next attracted by the appearance in the street of a mild white mare, which is constantly being put in their way, and rejoicing in the surname of the “Pearl of Malaise.” After a satisfactory trial, and a consultation with M. Morve, the veterinary authority of Malaise, the bargain is struck, and the Pearl is theirs. M. Morve, however, did not, by his outer man or diplomatic language, inspire much confidence. Mr. Fudge having accurately described the sort of animal he was looking out for, and the object for which it was needed, M. Morve expressed himself as follows:—

“For a fast animal, to trot rapidly about a town, I would not recommend this mare. But if a gentleman wanted a horse for a journey now, a horse to do a certain amount, say thirty miles a day, quietly and at a sober pace; if the gentleman were travelling without a servant, and wanted a horse that, at a pinch, he might harness and unharness himself, or even administer a feed of corn to under an emergency; if he wanted an animal whose qualities were rather enduring than brilliant; if, above all, he wanted a beast possessed of an excellent temper—”

“But all these things,” Mr. Fudge interrupted, “I have just told you, are what I am in search of.”

“Then,” said M. Morve, laying his hand gently on Mr. Fudge’s arm, “take my advice, and secure her without loss of time.”

Of course the Pearl proves a failure. Lameness made its appearance before the travellers reached their first stage, the quiet old town of St. Omer, and at Amiens the Cruise is fairly brought to a standstill. After vainly trying to find a successor to the Pearl, the Englishmen consign their carriage to a coachmaker’s ware-rooms, and take to the rail. In Paris they resume their search. The account of their visit to “Tattersall Français” is amusing. Mr. Pinchbold, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and attracted by the low price of the animals on sale, was on the point of buying a bay horse of somewhat sleepy and phlegmatic appearance, when the following note was put into his hand:—“The man who is bidding against you is the owner of the horse. The beast has a fearful temper, and has been drugged this morning before it was sent to the auction.” At last, through the good offices of their host at the Hotel du Helder, a fairly promising purchase was effected, in the shape of a little black horse of Irish extraction, with no drawback but a nervously irritable temperament. A wonderful dog called Mayard, which had fascinated Mr. Fudge by soliciting coppers from him, and expending them in the purchase of cakes, was added to the travelling party, and became, when he had recovered the anguish of being ravished from his home and patisserie, a highly entertaining companion. The first place of note lying in the route was Fontainebleau. Here is a description of the forest, a fair specimen of Mr. Collins’ more serious vein:—

As you advance into the interior, and lose sight of the gleam of open country outside, a curious sense of confinement and restraint comes over you, and beautiful as all around unquestionably is, you feel in some sort that those tall trees fence you about and hem you in, and that you breathe less freely than you did outside. And yet the place is beautiful. The little cleared spaces that you come to now and then, where vast fragments of rock appear so suddenly, and in spots where their presence could be so little anticipated, that they seem rather as if they had been placed in those positions than as if they grew there, and were part of the soil; the little glades that surprise you from time to time, where the ground dips into a valley; the by-paths which, diverging from the main road, sometimes with a notice recording where they lead to, sometimes with no such guiding indication, invite you to follow their green windings, and losing yourself quickly in the heart of the forest, abandon all hope of a return to civilization; the great stone cross raised at a place where four roads meet, and looking in its colossal size so dim and spectral as you approach it from a distance—all these things are beautiful indeed; but beautiful in that sad and melancholy way which is, perhaps, the best of all. It was in such a scene that the companion of the banished Duke found food for his unchanging melancholy, and our two friends as they drove along took note of this, and asked each other how much of that rough courtier’s sadness was attributable to the trees of Ardenne.

At Montreaux, the “Grand Monarque” was in the possession of the officers of a regiment on march from Paris to Lyons. After long delays, dinner was procured, but of a kind so unsavoury and unwholesome that Mr. Pinchbold determined to cook one for himself. Having possessed themselves of five pounds of mutton, and a supply of vegetables, and introduced them without arousing the suspicion of the landlady, the two companions set to work on the difficult task of boiling them in the Etna they had bought at Malaise:—

“Now, then,” said Mr. Pinchbold, “everything seems ready.”

“Yes,” replied his friend, “everything. Would you like to begin?”

“No,” said Mr. Pinchbold, carelessly, “no; you had better begin.”

“Yes, that’s all very well,” answered Mr. Fudge; “but how do you begin?”

“I thought you knew,” said Mr. Pinchbold, wildly . . .

“There is a detestably mysterious and indefinite process called *simmering*,” replied Mr. Fudge, “which, I believe, lies at the root of all cookery; but for the life of me I can’t tell what it is.”

“I should think, from the sound,” observed Mr. Pinchbold, “that it was a kind of hissing bubble.”

“Well, we must try,” said Mr. Fudge, desperately; and in went the meat into a saucepanful of cold water, in which a quantity of chopped turnips and carrots were already soaking . . .

As the student of Francatelli will anticipate, the results were hardly satisfactory:—

“It has changed colour,” said Mr. Fudge, after inspecting progress for about the fiftieth time; “I wonder if it is done?”

“Probe it with the end of your knife,” suggested Mr. Pinchbold. “Is it soft?” he added, as his friend obeyed this injunction.

“No,” replied Mr. Fudge, “I can’t say it is.”

“Ah, then,” said Mr. Pinchbold, who, finding his friend was ignorant upon the subject, became quite authoritative in tone, “then you may depend on it it isn’t done. ‘Boil till tender’ is a direction I am sure I have read in some cookery-book.”

“It is getting harder,” said Mr. Fudge, after probing the meat again.

“Boil till tender,” repeated Mr. Pinchbold; and away they went again.

These operations proving a disastrous failure, the disappointed amateur cooks are fain to console themselves with some delicious slices of fried bacon, in the treatment of which they were much more successful. The march of the soldiers gave a transient liveliness to the road our travellers were traversing. But there is a characteristic dreariness about a French village. The dullest of small towns in England has always a certain amount of trimness, and is cheerful in comparison to the *petit bourg* of French landscape. The first person you meet, on entering one of these hamlets, is invariably an idiot; and the second, who is always a hideous old woman, you would set down as the most ancient inhabitant, if it were not that you go on meeting still older ones as you advance. Old women, idiots, and children everywhere—this is our author’s description of the French village, the accuracy of which will be confirmed by the recollections of any who have rambled in the by-roads of France.

Everyone remembers the evening dance in *Triptam Shandy*, with Nannette, “the sunburnt daughter of labour,” among the vineyards “between Nismes and Lunel.” An analogous feat was performed by Mr. Pinchbold, in the neighbourhood of the Burgundian city of Sens. The travellers had strolled to a village at a little distance from the town to attend a fête, the marvellous programme of which had caught their eye in the market-place. Having traversed “the Garden of Bliss,” they found themselves in the middle of “Elysium,” where the dance was proceeding. Mr. Pinchbold, having vainly solicited the hand of the only pretty rustic present, was seized upon by “the very largest young woman it had ever been his luck to meet with,” and who was ironically styled by her comrades “La Petite.” Having with difficulty executed a polka, the lights and the trees all dancing before his eyes, and his respiration so completely gone that he could not even make an effort to catch it again, he thought to escape from the grasp of the Little One. With her, however, to be once a partner was to be always a partner, and she walked him round and round the enclosure in burning anticipation of the moment when the band would again strike up. A quadrille followed. As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Pinchbold was confronted by a young man whose activity was marvellous:—

It was the force of his capers, the intricacy of his “cutting,” the humming-top prolongation of his pirouettes, which daunted and dismayed our Englishman more than all the rest. There was something about the way in which that young man spun himself through a figure which may well daunt a more adventurous spirit than Mr. Pinchbold’s. Nor was it only in revolution round his own axis that he thus distinguished himself. The leaps and springs into the air accomplished by that young man, the frantic war dances executed in his place at moments when there were no demands on him at all, were quite as remarkable parts of his quadrille dancing as even the marvellous pirouettes of which mention has been made.

Even when the quadrille was over, La Petite showed no intention of allowing her partner to escape, and it was only by the timely intervention of Mr. Fudge, and the lure of innumerable “*grogs de vin*,” for which La Petite had a special weakness, that Mr. Pinchbold effected his retreat.

Between Chablis and Tonnerre our travellers lose their way, and at Montbard Mr. Pinchbold loses his heart. Both losses, however, are temporary only. Through the lovely Val de Suzon—now-a-days too little known or visited—Dijon is reached. Here Mr. Pinchbold’s health began to show signs of suffering, from fatigue and the bilious gouty wines of Burgundy, which he had been for some time drinking. A feverish anxiety to get on possessed him, and neither he nor Mr. Fudge were sorry to start upon the last stage of their journey to Geneva. The air of the Jura was a speedy restorative to the invalid; and a few days after they pull up in safety at the door of the Hotel des Bergues.

The human interest is intended to preponderate in this narrative, and it is certainly in the lively sketches of inn-life and road-side figures that its greatest charm will be found. The red-faced filles de chambre, the sleepy incompetent ostlers, the waiters who promise much and perform little, the smart landlady with her jaunty cap—these are the details of a picture with which it is always pleasant to refresh one’s memory. Most of the travellers whom the Cruisers upon Wheels fell in with on their tour belonged to the class of *commis-voyageurs*. They present a strong contrast

and a marked superiority to the English bagmen, in manners and conversation. Politics were seldom or never discussed among them. But at Ancy-le-franc, Mr. Fudge and his friend were surprised to hear an eloquent defence of M. de Montalembert from the lips of one of the confraternity. They remarked generally that they were all singularly alike, and that the same types were continually reproduced among them. In a company of half-a-dozen of these gentlemen there was almost always one who was looked on as a farceur or joker, another who played into his hands or drew him out, a cynical man, and a sentimental man, who was usually very fat.

Any one desirous of imitating the example of Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold will find in the appendix of this work a sketch of the very moderate expense which such an adventure involves. For about 28l. two persons may enjoy a month of nomad life in France, stable expenses included. And very enjoyable may such a vacation ramble be made. An Alpine traveller, of course, would turn up his nose at it; and the Briton who sallies forth to do Italy or Spain wants something more as an equivalent for the money he spends. But the men who want change and yet hate bustle, the men whose habit of mind inclines to the meditative, and who have, perhaps, a dash of melancholy in their composition, will be amply repaid by the delight of being left to themselves, to lounge at leisure along deserted roads, noting the successive Dutch pictures of the wayside, free to stop or to go on as they list, to dine or to sleep just where the fancy leads them, and able to dismount in some solitary forest nook, where no sound is heard but the singing of birds and chirping of grasshoppers, and indulge, with all Mr. Fudge's relish, in an extemporized brew of fragrant Bohea.

ENGLISH PURITANISM.*

THE Bicentenary Commemoration of the great Puritan ejection, which took place a few weeks ago, and is now in a fair way to be forgotten, was in our judgment both weak and wicked, and we have no intention of bringing it again into notice. We only say, in passing, that it was wicked in intention, from its evident object of rekindling ancient animosities; and it was weak and silly from the obvious retort to which it exposed itself—the retort of the lamb upon the wolf, who accused him of disturbing the stream which he had himself already muddied from above; though fortunately in this case the lamb is not so defenceless, the wolf not so manifestly the master of the situation, as in the fable. We believe we may add that it was utterly miscalculated also, and has proved a complete failure in the game of political agitation which it was expected to subserve. The Church may fairly be congratulated on the self-discomfiture of an enemy who has been obliged to go back two hundred years for a charge against it, and has only succeeded in bringing the charge—that of bigotry and intolerance—with twofold force against himself.

So much for the Bicentenary Commemoration, of which we suspect we shall not hear much more. It must lead to painful reminiscences on which no moderate and thoughtful man, of whatever shade of religious or political opinion, would wish to dwell. The ejection of the Nonconformist ministers in 1662 was the ground-swell from the tempest of the civil wars. It was a hard and violent, possibly an impolitic act, however much provoked, and under the circumstances excusable, if not unavoidable. But it still remains a painful chapter in English history, the last chapter of the painful book of the Great Rebellion—a period on which, however proud we may justly feel of the virtues it elicited, we must ever look back with regret as a mistake and national misunderstanding. The Roman poet who undertook to relate in verse the civil wars of his own country, stops short in the crisis of their crowning battle, and shrinks with shame and horror from his unnatural task:—"Quicquid in hac acie gessisti, Roma, tacebo." A true Englishman would be no less reluctant to tear asunder the veil which years have wound round the details of triumph or mortification inflicted or enjoyed by his countrymen in their quarrels with one another. We are sorry that the Nonconformist body, or whoever undertakes to speak for them, should have less feeling and delicacy in this matter than ourselves.

The book before us, however, challenges us to make some remarks, apart from the consideration of the special occurrence which it is meant to illustrate. The United Saint Bartholomew Committee, as they, in slipshod fashion, style themselves, among other literary efforts devoted to the glorification of the Nonconformist confessors, determined, we are told, to issue a collection of documents bearing on the settlement of the Church of England, from the Declaration of Charles II. at Breda to the passing of the Act of Uniformity. Such an historical collection has no doubt its value; and though many of the pieces it contains have been brought together in the volumes of Cardwell and others, it is well that the official materials for this portion of history should be thus definitively amassed. But the controversy itself was a miserable one, such as no man at this day can look on with satisfaction. The Presbyterian party, who had intruded themselves into the place of the dispossessed Church of Cranmer and Elizabeth, imagined that they could mediate between the Independents and the Royalists in the matter of the King's restoration. Charles seems to have taken them at first at their own valuation, and to have believed that they really possessed all the influence they affected. He held out to them promises of protection and favour. On his return he

discovered his error. In the course of two years that elapsed, the true sense of the country was unmistakably expressed. The Parliament not only assured him that he might safely dispense with the support of the party, but urged him to throw it over and trample upon it, and he too easily yielded to what he found to be the actual wish of the nation. For the honesty of the King, or the good feeling and tolerance of the nation, not a word can be urged; but this, at least, is clear—that the Presbyterian party in the year 1662 was the mere shadow of a shade in point of political influence and importance. It was in vain that its leaders sought to separate their cause from that of the extreme revolutionary faction. They had acquiesced in the supremacy of Cromwell, and had continued to enjoy their ill-gotten spoil under the contemptuous indulgence of the Independents; and the nation, awakened from its dream, refused to recognise any distinction between the two divisions of the anti-royalists—or, rather, if it hated and still feared the Independents, it loathed and despised the Presbyterians. Whatever was the harshness or the bad faith of Charles and his advisers in the matter of the Uniformity, there can be no doubt that they acted with the full concurrence of the nation, and could hardly have acted otherwise without provoking a collision with it.

At this epoch the genuine Presbyterian was already a comparatively rare animal in England. Of the ten thousand ministers who had signed the Covenant as the condition of Church preferment in the twenty years preceding, two thousand at most, perhaps not more than one thousand, were so wedded to anti-prelatical forms and doctrines as to refuse conformity to the Anglican liturgy, at the bidding of Charles's Parliament. Will the modern Nonconformist say that the 8,000 or 9,000 were dishonest? It would redound little to the credit of Presbyterianism or Puritanism if this were so. But it is more reasonable to suppose that this great majority already felt that the Covenant was extravagant and fanatical, and that their differences, at least, with ancient Christendom, were not really vital. And so it has gone on ever since. Genuine Presbyterianism has dwindled and pined away, till, in this country, it has become absolutely extinct—an almost unique example of a great Christian domination disappearing from before the face of a perfectly tolerant and much-divided Church. While more extreme sects, such as the Independents and Baptists, have maintained themselves, though with abated enthusiasm and diminished social influence, the Presbyterian interest has perished, and its members have been swept away by the stronger organization of surrounding bodies. Great numbers of these have returned, individually, to the Church; but their congregations have most commonly gone over, formally and avowedly, to Congregational Independency, or have degenerated, by the gradual decline of their positive belief, into Unitarianism. The modern Nonconformists choose, indeed, to claim the ejection of 1662 as a persecution of the principle of Puritanism, or, as they would say, of vital religion generally; but it is well ascertained that the Act of Uniformity was aimed directly at the Presbyterians in particular, that it struck them at a moment when, though ostensibly flourishing, they were intrinsically effete, and that it gave them a blow which speedily destroyed or extinguished them. They perished without a will, and left no legitimate heirs.

Not the Presbyterians only, but the Baptists and Independents of that day, were in a false position. They were all generally Establishmentarians, but they could make no other claim to be established than that of numbers and power. When they lost their power, or the verdict of arithmetic was given against them, they had no *locus standi*. This they could not but feel; this it was which unnerved them; this it was which caused the love of their adherents to wax cold. All the pride, and luxury, and vice, and lukewarmness of the Church of the Revolution and the Hanoverian Succession, however much it weakened the Church itself, conferred no strength on the Nonconformists. Whatever were the spiritual shortcomings of the one, they were equalled or exceeded by those of the other. If earnest men complained of the Church, they despaired of the Dissenters. Puritanism rose again; but it rose from the bosom of the Church itself. Wesley and Whitfield found the vital religion, which animated Howe and Baxter among the Nonconformists of old, compatible with the forms and doctrines, the liturgy and the articles of the Establishment. If they at last practically seceded from it, it was not because they found its term of communion too hard for their tender consciences, but because they were thwarted by the personal prejudices of its ministers. But the rise of Methodism stimulated Church and Dissent equally. Since then, Puritanism has thriven both without and within the Anglican pale. Whatever may have been the case under the Stuarts, the Nonconformists have never since had any special claim to the title of Puritans. Under the earlier Georges there were no Puritans at all; and in modern times they are at least equally divided.

Wesley, however, and Whitfield were the real founders of the voluntary principle. Earlier Nonconformists were voluntaries practically, and from necessity; but the Methodists were the first who consecrated the idea and the principle—who never sought an Establishment, or even an incorporation with the Establishment. The Independents of the present day, who so potently glorify this principle, have no higher claim to it than that they received it from Wesley. Wilkes, as we know, was never a Wilkite. Pitt would have spurned the notions of the Eldons and Westmorelands of the Pitt Club. Possibly Fox himself might have shrunk from the men who patronized in his name the Birmingham Unions. But none of these inconsistencies is so flagrant as that of many of the Dissenters of the day, invoking the

* *English Puritanism: Documents, &c.* London: Kent & Co. 1862.

manes of the Nonconformists of 1662. The views of the Liberation Society would have struck dismay into the breasts of Calamy and Baxter, and equally, at a much later date, of Watts and Doddridge. If these confessors and doctors of Dissent were Puritans, so are a good half of the Anglican clergy of the present day. If the Anglicans maintain the principle of a national Establishment of religion, so with at least equal fervour and equal pertinacity did they.

And now one word in reference to Mr. Peter Baine, the gentleman who has furnished this collection of Documents, with an introductory essay on the history of "English Puritanism." Of the obliquity of this composition we will not speak. It is weariness of the flesh to go over, again and again, the old arguments, in which the disputants have generally taken ground from which they could not see the position of their adversaries. But we are led to ask what is the end which Mr. Baine and the political Dissenters contemplate? First and foremost, they look, no doubt, to pulling down the Church now established. But what next? They utterly disdain the notion of succeeding to its inheritance, and becoming themselves established in its place. They eschew even a comprehension. They proclaim from pulpit and platform that State patronage is an unholy thing—that an endowed Church is a soul-destroying incubus on religion. Where they draw the line between the Church endowments and their own endowments we know not. They have recently shown no small ardour to retain or recover, for instance, certain benefactions bequeathed them by Lady Hewley; and how the legacy of Lady Hewley should be all right, and the gifts of thanes and aldermen, under Ina or Egbert, all wrong, we know not. All churches, we apprehend, are more or less endowed, and their endowments are secured by law; and whether these be in land, in houses, or in consols, does not seem to us to touch the principle.

But, however this may be, the present Dissenters are resolved to have none of the Church property. What, then, is it that they look for? Do they think that if the Church falls, and its property is appropriated by the State, they will succeed to its influence and social position? They believe, perhaps, that this false idol of ours is mainly supported by its temporal advantages, and that if it lose its wealth it will lose the esteem of the upper classes. But this is not so. The social position of the Church, the hold she retains upon the intelligence and good-breeding of the day, is due not primarily to her wealth, but to her learning and her breeding. Gentlemen and scholars can sympathize with a Church which addresses them in language which they respect. The Nonconformists have failed to attach this class, not because they are unendowed, but because they are underbred and under-taught. No other Church in the world, however endowed, has really attached to itself the higher ranks of society as the Church of England has done. No sect or denomination, whatever political position it may attain, which puts forth as its mouthpiece and champion in the literary arena a wordy bombastic imitator of the worst models in composition, such as Mr. Baine, will attain to a similar distinction. There are, indeed, large classes, half-educated, facile of admiration, who may think his rapid *rechauffée* of the worst peculiarities of Carlyle and Thackeray eloquent and philosophic; but the gorge of men of sense and intelligence rises at it.

Mr. Baine has thought fit, in his introductory essay, to make a direct attack on the "Clubs" and the *Saturday Review* for their undue depreciation, as he pretends, of the learning and breeding of the Puritans. We shall not argue the point, but content ourselves with producing two or three of the flowers of his own rhetoric, to show to our scholars and gentlemen the kind of orators they must expect to sit under, when the modest style of the Anglican pulpit shall be exchanged for the turgid rant of the aspiring conventicle. Here is a description of Richard Baxter:—

From his deep, dark, eloquent eye, glowing with genius and purity, from his well-rounded ample forehead, from his sensitive yet resolute lip, there looked forth radiant trust in the good, the true, the beautiful, in God, freedom, immortality, and, in the power of strong argument and clear word, to woo all men to a like faith and love. It is an enviable frame of mind, if we think only of the anthems with which it fills the young bosom, and the touches of morning crimson with which it brightens the cloud-curtains of the future; it is not so enviable if we reflect on the obstructions it throws in the way of success, and on its power to embitter the pang of disappointment, when the smiling future becomes the haggard present, and the soft hues of azure and vermilion dissolve in lashing sleet or pelting hail. Richard Baxter felt all the woe of this disappointment; but that blessed music, of faith in God and love to man, never went silent in the temple of his soul.

The ejectionment is thus gracefully described:—

The Bishops were recalled to the House of Lords; the Puritans were turned out of municipal corporations; the Episcopalian form of Church government was fully restored. Still the fury did not abate; the pace did not slacken. The ball had its head down, its eyes shut, its mane erect, its tail in the air, and went straight forward. At last, concentrating all its energy in one tremendous toss, it flung the Puritans clean over the battlements of the Church of England.

Again:—

The contest of that age is past. The thoughts, the feelings, the interests, the aims, of men have changed. Why should we, like the phantom warriors after that fabled conflict of the Middle age [?] baptize our hate with immortality [!], and setting the battle-field in array in the clouds, above the field where the faces of the heroes are still and pale, renew watchwords which have lost their meaning, and grasp weapons which are shadowy and strange?

Why, indeed? But this is just what the United Saint Bartholomew Committee and their champion have been doing. Whether Mr. Baine has really baptized his hate with immortality, we cannot

say, seeing that the expression conveys a very indistinct image to us; but we have shown that in his appeal to the name of Puritan he uses watchwords which have lost their meaning, and undoubtedly the tropes and figures of rhetoric, which he makes his weapons, are both strange and shadowy.

THE WISDOM OF AN ANCIENT.*

WE beg to introduce our readers to a pleasant, cheerful old gentleman, with a ready flow of chat, and a fair sprinkling, or sometimes more, both of wit and wisdom. He writes, we fancy, as he would talk, and that would be with something both of force and ease. Of course, he has on paper the advantage of thinking more thoroughly over his subject, but we are not sure that he always takes it. Indeed, these *Thoughts*, as he calls them, seem to be written down, as one may say, in the vein in which a man writes to save himself the trouble of thinking a subject out. Connexion, save the loosest tacking, or coherence, save as loosely thrown feathers cohere upon a tarry epidermis, the reader must not expect. He rambles like a younger man, and has probably loved to ramble riding on a goose-quill all his life, but now, in his old age, has bethought him of publishing. Well, on the whole, we are glad the thought struck him, and welcome the elderly *débütant* in type, and hope he may not find his ink dry up from old age. After all, it is fair to state that he does not give his name, nor even an extract from his baptismal register to show the date of his birth. His antiquity of fourscore years rests on the *ipse dixit* of an anonymous author; but he keeps up so well the cheerful play of silver locks and wrinkles in his pages that we are content to take his statement as authentic.

Old gentlemen, we know, from Nestor downwards (and our author has read the *Iliad*), are indulged in garrulity; and this book is but a better sort of garrulity on paper. Nestor, in that simple day, was garrulous on facts—his successor in the way of reflections. That is a difference due to their relative difference of period. Still, Nestor was entertaining to his contemporaries, and our anonymous sage is not a bore to his. It is occasionally difficult to tell whether he is serious or in jest; but as he is always good-humoured, and talks on subjects most of which have an interest for many minds, mostly without caring apparently whether his thoughts have any practical tone or not, it is of less moment whether his readers agree in his opinions. Where they agree with him, they will, perhaps, think him instructive; where they differ, they will find him amusing. Still, those whom he pleases most will occasionally find that they do not know what to make of him. He is dreadfully desultory; and though never long-winded, so as to run one out of breath, yet his tortuous discursiveness runs the subject constantly out of sight. Going into a question with him is like taking a little dog out for a walk, who sniffs and scratches round every object within skirmishing distance, but is withal a lively companion, and can always retrieve himself. He is a great lover of the ancients—at any rate, of their poets, historians, and orators—but, with remarkable forbearance, hardly ever quotes. There is a fine, dry, healthy paganism in the tone of our ancient friend. He has, however, a keen sympathy for the sufferings of the poorer clergy, and for the deterioration of the clerical body by the poverty which so largely leavens it. On the whole, he seems to find the world a very endurable place, though with a good many things that might be mended. There is no profundity of thought, nor sense of the weight and strength of principles, expressed in the dry sociable chirp of our reflective grasshopper. A well-read common sense, which has let its bubbles go but retained its briskness, and a certain *defrutum* of sagacity which has lost all aroma of enthusiasm, are what he in the main presents us with. He may have thought in his time more deeply than he cares to show in print. Perhaps he has come to the conclusion that deep or shallow thinking is much alike where so much is unfathomable, and that a man had better take facts as he finds them, and simply be content to stretch upon them just a few lines of practical reasoning to serve the needs of life. There is a Palmerstonian jauntiness in a good deal of the well-bred banter in which most subjects are dished up—the subject itself being generally lost in the garnish, and drowned in the sauce, the "leg of mutton," as it were, run to "trimmings"—which, but that it is well read as well as well bred, might induce us to think that there is one well-known veteran, at any rate, who might have written it. But, on the whole, and particularly on the score of the last chapter on "Place and Power," we feel it right to soothe the possible excitement of the reader by assuring him that it is not the work of the Premier.

The elderly gentleman whose leaves we have just turned has literary rather than political tastes. Out of two hundred and sixty pages, just one half is devoted to a series of essays on "Style" and "Books." There is, on the whole, also a solitary feeling about the bulk of the remarks which gives rather a chill. Of course, to be dealt with in strict justice, the book should be reviewed by a man of eighty or more. Still, we console ourselves with the opinion of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom he quotes with great respect, that "a man who has lived forty years has seen everything that is to be seen in the world." If the critical faculty bears any proportion to that of observing, an appeal to a court of octogenarians may be, therefore, needless.

The essay on Style, then—to sift the *farrago libelli* which the

* An Old Man's Thoughts about Many Things. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

author opens—is in three parts, the first whereof has a sub-essay on the hard case of those “poor fellows who write because they can’t help it,” breaking off into an apology for digression. The second has a sub-essay on poor clergy and their relief, and then runs away into an abridgment of the first book of the *Iliad*, and some remarks on a few other detached scenes of the same poem. The third dips into Greek dramatics and histories; then come a few jotted remarks really relating to style, with more particular protest against the “stilted” and the “volcanic styles;” and after touching on “much writing” as a source of “bad writing,” he plunges back again into his beloved classics, out of which Latin serves him as a sort of bridge to escape into Italian, whence he easily crosses the Alps to France, the land of style, *par excellence*, and Germany, the land of book-making. Then follow two essays on Books; and, with the very inconsiderable exception just alluded to, we can see no reason why the essays on “style” should not be entitled on “books,” and *vice versa*, nor do we think the author would see any. On the score of this random oblivion of that primary rule of style—to keep, viz., to the subject—he thus delivers himself, and premonishes the reader in an early page:—

As I have many good things to say, and they come into my head quicker than they can run off at the end of my pen, I am compelled to let them come as they list, and it is better that they should jostle one another a little and come in no order at all than that the world should lose any of them.

The writer appears to believe wholly in what he says; at any rate, he is as utterly careless about the stringing of his beads as if he verily thought that they were all pearls of price. He is fond of classical authorities; and we will commend to his notice some remarks on *résumé* in the third book of *The Rhetoric* of Aristotle. The offender is old enough to know better; and the boyish levity with which he “runs a-muck” through half-a-dozen collateral or wholly distinct topics is no excuse for the mental disorder in which he is content to appear in public. He might as well walk down Piccadilly with knee buckles (which we presume he wears) unfastened, stockings ungartered, and periwig (to sustain a consistent theory of his costume) the front side behind. Neither can we wholly acquit him of an affectation, if we may presume to impute a quality which diminishes the respect one would like to feel for age. The display of his rambling propensities and his reflections thereupon remind us of the false wit of Sterne in tracing diagrams to represent the course of his digressions. Sterne drew mighty zigzags over a blank page; our author contents himself with such remarks on himself as follow:—

I perceive, however, that I am rambling a little, which I cannot account for, except by my habit of reading other people’s books; for when I think on a thing without troubling myself about what others have said, I go right to the point, and do not stray a hair’s breadth from a straight line.

After which parenthetical digression into self-criticism, he resumes the original digression, which sprang out of the question of the demerits of big books and the merits, on the contrary, of small ones, and which had merely led him to introduce *Don Quixote* as an illustration of a small book which is also a good one, and had then betrayed him into a subsidiary digression on the superiority of originals over translations. He then dives back into *Don Quixote* for a couple of pages more, and resumes his unabated protest against the vice of big books. This playing at hide-and-seek with a subject—or rather, keeping half-a-dozen up and going, as a juggler does his balls—is rather more tiresome to a reader who craves consecutiveness than it is amusing to one who is content to let his thoughts wander idly in the author’s maze.

The essay on Schools, we do not hesitate to say, is superficial. The writer seems to have no due conception of what a public school in England is, and of the tone and habits it is apt to engender in boys. He is quite right, however, in the following:—

People pay very large sums for their sons at school, but this does not prove that they pay or are willing to pay large sums for education. The proof of this is the fact that rich people are often very niggardly in any dealings they may have with private teachers in their own houses. Men, and women too—for women are notoriously hard bargainers—will invite a private teacher to call on them in their own house about lessons to their dear children, and instead of simply declining to make an engagement, when the terms do not suit them, they will ask for an abatement.

We will further give an extract or two from our author on “Riches,” because we like to take a man at his best, and we think that here we have him so:—

The rich live as they choose. Let them live so, and do you the same; and seek not to know more of them unless you happen to have some friends among the rich, who have as much sense and good-breeding as yourself, and who shall consider your acquaintance or friendship worth having, which will be a proof that theirs is worth having too.

Again, after recommending ready-money payments as the means of acquiring the reputation of easy circumstances, and even of wealth, though at the cost of incurring, at the same time, a lenient censure for close-fistedness, he says:—

Put that slight imputation on your character in the balance against the opinion of your wealth, and it will be nothing. Finally, to prove what a good opinion your friends have of you, they will borrow your money, and if you do not lend they will not like you, and if you do lend, and they never repay you, they will hate you; and if you do them for the money they will be your mortal enemies; and so, as I have given a direct absolute precept about borrowing, you may deduce for yourself a practical rule about lending, and you may, perhaps, find that the rule is not absolute, but still nearly so.

There is a little of the feeling that all things grow old with him, which infuses a cold and querulous tone at times into our author. We must say that we are not conscious of this symptom of the

consequence of all things. Possibly we shall be when our time comes. Let us hope there will be younger eyes and fresher minds then in the world than ours can be. But, on the whole, there is much less of this tone than the author’s alleged age might easily extenuate. His wit seldom pricks; it gently tickles, or if it leave a puncture, there is no venom on the sting. We may be pardoned for putting him in the list of scribblers, and even of those big-book-writers, of whom he has an even greater horror. For surely, as big and little are relative terms, that book is naturally and essentially big which has in itself a vast heap of superfluities and things *hors d’œuvre*, by retrenching which it might be pared down to a mere kernel. Such a book is the mere *hôte* of the *chiffonnier* whom our author introduces, and ought to be well picked and shaken to make it marketable. But, indeed, he might write—or might have written, for it is perhaps a question of time—better than he has done. He seems the sort of man who writes chiefly to amuse himself, just as people who are fond of talking will talk, and to be willing to take the chance of his amusing others. Amid all this loquacity there is just enough of sterling common sense to give a backbone to the book, and enough humour to spice the sense. We take leave of our venerable gossip with some regret, with much marvel that a man so wholesomely tinged in antique scholarship should so fall into that most modern vice of redundant digressiveness, with a comfortable assurance that he will not die of anything his critics are likely to say of him, and that, if he does, his book is likely to survive him. Had he formed his literary habits early in life, he might have cured himself of his inveterate discursiveness.

But at fourscore it is too late a week;

and he will remember an Iambic line which speaks of tutoring the old as on a par with physicking a corpse. So we leave him to his pleasant irregular way of chirping over a subject and then hopping off to something else.

EDMONDS’ LAND’S END DISTRICT.*

CORNWALL is a part of the kingdom whose local history and description would well repay the labours of a stronger hand than seems hitherto to have attempted it. And the Land’s End District, in particular, is full of materials of various kinds. Probably no part of the kingdom is so rich in the remains of prehistoric antiquity. The whole land is studded with cromlechs, circles, and what, by a misleading term, are locally called castles. The peninsula west of Penzance would alone afford many days’ work to the most zealous primeval antiquary. And both the true and the imaginary history of the country would supply abundance of materials. There are legends of Druids, Phœnicians, and Jews to be exposed, and the true history of the English conquest of the district to be set forth. But it would need a really able man thoroughly to do it. The task would call for the exercise of the true historic faculty, and for a familiar acquaintance with the analogous remains of other counties, and indeed of other kingdoms. There is no possible reason why the antiquities of Cornwall should not be dealt with by a Cornishman. A Cornishman of the needful knowledge and critical power would, from local interest and attachment, naturally do it better than any one else. But we may safely say that it is not likely to be done as it should be by one of the existing school of Cornish antiquaries. As an antiquarian province, Cornwall is as distinct from the rest of the kingdom as Wales, Scotland, or Ireland. But the other three Celtic lands have greatly the advantage over their sister. There are still plenty of Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who talk nonsense about their national antiquities. But in each country there is a considerable and increasing minority which talks perfectly good sense. But Cornish archaeology seems still to have to take its first steps. Geological knowledge is rooting out one or two superstitions. Natural holes in the rock are no longer universally believed to have been scooped out by Druids to receive the blood of their victims. For this discovery antiquaries will be deeply thankful to the professors of a sister science. But scientific archaeology seems to have made no advance at all. Druids and Phœnicians are still the received belief of the land.

Mr. Edmonds, whose book we have now before us, is a specimen of a hard-working local antiquary, whose praiseworthy labours are thrown away for want of critical power and comparative knowledge of other districts. He would, no doubt, make an excellent guide to the Land’s End District. We have no doubt that he has seen everything worth seeing in nature or art, and that he could take us to it either by the shortest or by the most picturesque way. But with this useful, though not very exalted, function, Mr. Edmonds’s archaeological powers would seem to end. His book, as every book of the kind must, contains a great deal of information of which scientific inquirers may make good use; but that is pretty well all. The book is a confused jumble of various subjects, written in a poor and twaddling style. There is an utter lack of arrangement; the archaeology and the physical science dodge one another about through the volume; or, if the metaphor be preferred, they are ranged in alternate layers like sandwiches. As for the matter, Mr. Edmonds does know that cromlechs are tombs, and not altars; otherwise he seems hardly to have got beyond the school of Borlase.

Of course Mr. Edmonds devoutly believes in that Phœnician

* *The Land’s End District; its Antiquities, Natural History, &c.* By Richard Edmonds. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

theory which has just been cast to the winds by Sir Cornewall Lewis. It is amusing to see what odd positions the provincial point of honour takes up. Most nations take pride in being conquerors, but a Welshman is offended if you hint that his forefathers entered Britain as the subduers of an earlier race. So a Cornishman is offended if you hint that his forefathers were able to carry on both mining and commercial operations without needing Phœnicians or Jews to help them. The Jewish theory is about the most ludicrous piece of misconception which we ever came across. This some of the better-informed local antiquaries have cast aside. Its origin was well explained at the late meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association at Truro. The royal right of preemption was sometimes, in the middle ages, farmed by Jewish speculators. On this small foundation people have built up the most amazing theories about Jewish merchants, Jewish miners, and what not, in the most remote ages. One oracle has gravely recommended it as a fitting subject for inquiry, whether any Hebrew words are retained in the technical dialect of the miners. Mr. Edmonds takes a very bold flight indeed:—

In the preceding paragraph I have assumed, agreeably to the commonly received opinion, that "Jews, as well as Phœnicians, were very ancient traders in Phœnician ships;" and some of them, as far back as the time of Solomon, may have become resident here after the example of the Phœnicians, who are recorded by Thucydides to have "had settlements all round the coast of Sicily," and to have "secured the capes on the sea, and the small circumjacent islands, for the purpose of trafficking with the natives." Indeed, if the Jews who traded here had no resident merchants to purchase and secure the tin, in order to its shipment immediately on the arrival of the Mediterranean ships, great delay and inconvenience would have resulted. Until recently, the Cornish tin trade, from the very commencement of its authentic history, has been in the hands of the Jews.

Mr. Edmonds, we observe, gets his Thucydides at second-hand from the *Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall*. This is at least honest, and better than some writers of the same stamp, who, by way of being as learned as they know how, quote Herodotus in Latin. But the argument that the example of Phœnicians who planted colonies in Sicily would stir up the Jews to plant colonies in Cornwall is something wholly beyond us.

Besides the Jews, there is another amusing element in these Phœnician dreams. It is always taken for granted that the Phœnician traders sailed right away from Tyre and Sidon to St. Michael's Mount. Mr. Edmonds and his brethren use the words "Tyrian" and "Phœnician" as if they were synonymous. But it stands to reason that, if any Phœnicians ever did come to Cornwall, they came, not from Tyre or Sidon, but from Gades and the other Phœnician cities in Spain. That merchants from Gades may have reached Cornwall is not absolutely impossible; but there is no evidence that they ever did, and we suspect that Cornish patriotism would repine at being cut down to Phœnicians who came such a little way. In fact, this whole story of the Phœnician trade with Cornwall—repeated, as it has been, over and over again—rests on no evidence at all. It is simply a guess, and far from the most probable guess, to account for an undoubted fact. That British tin was spread over Europe from an early period is certain; but that Phœnicians came from Tyre, or even from Gades, to fetch it, is a mere guess. And it is a guess founded wholly upon modern ideas of commerce; for, as Sir G. C. Lewis shows, a caravan trade across Gaul was something much more natural in those times. Diodorus, in the passage about *Iktis*, which is always quoted, has not a word about Phœnicians, but says that the tin was taken from *Iktis* to Gaul, and thence by land to the mouth of the Rhone. That *Iktis* is *Vectis*, the Isle of Wight, no reasonable person can doubt. But Cornishmen piously believe it to be St. Michael's Mount, because Diodorus says that *Iktis* is accessible from Britain at low water, which St. Michael's Mount certainly is, and the Isle of Wight certainly is not. Had they ever read any more of Diodorus than this one passage, they would not have attached quite so much weight to the hearsay description of a little-known country given by an inveterate blunderer. He who, with his Thucydides before him, could not tell Pharnabazus from Tissaphernes, could hardly be expected to tell St. Michael's Mount from the Isle of Wight. In the very next sentence he goes on to say that the other islands between Europe and Britain—which, if he means any real islands at all, can only be Guernsey and Jersey—are also accessible at low water. About *Iktis* Mr. Edmonds is supremely amusing:—

The British Isle here referred to is now generally allowed to be St. Michael's Mount. Indeed, there is no other in Cornwall, or Britain, that corresponds with the description of the Greek historian. But Diodorus calls it *Iktis*, not *Iktis*. All his translators, however, French and English, as well as Latin, finding the word in the accusative case, concluded *Iktis* to be the nominative, and therefore called it *Iktis*, although *Iktis* (assuming it to be declinable) might be the nominative with quite as much propriety as *Iktis*. That *Iktis* was the original name of the Mount, as recorded by Diodorus, receives confirmation from the fact of its most ancient name, after it became a religious cell, being *Dinsell*, or *Dynsell*, a mere abbreviation, apparently, of *Iktincell* into *Tincell*, T and D being interchangeable letters.

Iktis being thus evidently the ancient name of the Mount, let us dwell for a moment on its etymology, and on that of another name very dear to us. *Ik* is the Cornish word for "cove" or "port." *Iktis*, therefore, signifies "port-tin," or "tin-port," a name as appropriate, and at the same time as indefinite, as could have been adopted by the Phœnicians, who, as is well known, sought to conceal the place whence they procured their tin. So, too, with respect to the name *Bretin*, (pronounced by the French, *Bretagne*; and by the English, Britain,) as *br* is the Cornish word for "mount," *Bre-tin* signifies "tin-mount," just as *Iktis* signifies "tin-port," and conveyed to strangers, and even to the Britons themselves who did not dwell in Cornwall, no more idea of the locality of this mount, than did the name "Tin Islands," (*Cassiterides*), used by Herodotus four hundred years before Diodorus. Thus the country, as well as the mount from which the tin was shipped, appears to have derived its name very naturally from its chief export. Dr. Maton,

reversing this idea, suggested that the word tin might possibly have been derived from the original name of the Mount from which it was anciently shipped, that name being *Iktis* of British origin, and "having no connexion with the accusative case of the Greek language." It is true that in the Cornish language the word *tin* is sometimes used as identical with *din*, "a fortress," but it must also have been used by the Cornish for the metal of that name; for if *tin*, as is generally supposed, be the ancient Phœnician word for that substance, it could not but have been communicated to the Cornish.

Somehow we cannot help thinking that if *Iktis* were the nominative, *Iktis* would be the accusative. Diodorus was very stupid in some things, but he knew his Greek accidence.

Some way on, Mr. Edmonds interprets an inscription in a highly ingenious way. The inscription, as far as it is legible, is—

IC CEM . . . REQVIVIT CVNATDO HIC TVMULO IACIT VIXIT ANNOS XXXIII.

This we do not understand. Mr. Edmonds does, as follows:—

The second line was probably the name of the deceased, but the latter part of that line is illegible. In the fourth line we look for the date of the person's birth, or death, as in no other part does any trace of a date appear. CV. NAT. D., therefore, may have been intended as abbreviations for "*Qui natus quingentesimo*;" *cu* representing *qu*, (the letters *c* and *q* being used indifferently by many Latin authors,) NAT standing for *natus*, and D for *quingentesimo*. The epitaph, unabbreviated, would then read as follows:—*Hic Cen . . . requieuit qui natus est quingentesimo hic tumulo jacet vixit annos triginta tres*. "Here Cen . . . fell asleep, who was born in 500—here in the tomb he lies—he lived 33 years." In this reading the repetition of the adverb *hic* presents no difficulty; in the former instance, it clearly refers to the place where the person died; in the latter, to his grave.

It would thus appear that the deceased departed this life, A. D. DXXXIII.

He adds two notes:—

In Leland's *Itinerary* we find the final *o* still retained—thus, "A. D. MCXXXIX."

The computation of time by the Christian era was first adopted, according to some authors, in 507; according to others, in 527.

We congratulate Cornwall on having adopted a new and useful invention so early.

After this sort of thing, it is almost needless to say that Mr. Edmonds gives no intelligible history or description of the two chief ecclesiastical foundations of the district—St. Michael's Mount and the Collegiate Church of St. Buryan. He is more at home in marking small coincidences which would have escaped most people:—

1778, Dec. 17. Sir Humphry Davy born at Penzance. The copyhold estate, near Penzance, on which his father's family resided for many generations as proprietors, is called indifferently Varrell and Barrell—V and B being convertible letters. And, singularly enough, the third letter of the royal name (David), from which that of Davy is derived, is not V in Greek, but B—the other four letters being the same as in the Hebrew, Latin, and English. In the Cornish language we have similar examples in the words *Trebeor* and *Trevoor* "great town"—*Trebean* and *Trevean* "little town."

Mr. Edmonds, then, has read the Greek Testament, but not the Septuagint. Would he not also be delighted to learn that *have* and *haben*, *knave* and *kenabe* are identical, and that, both in Spanish and in Modern Greek, *b* and *v* are hardly to be distinguished? Indeed, he would be quite at home among the race —

Quis aliud non est vivere quam bilere.

Finally, for an "undesigned coincidence," surely nothing can beat the following:—

Marazion (considering the Mount as part of it) may be the most ancient town in Britain (See Davies Gilbert's *Cornwall*, ii. p. 215); and my father, its town clerk, appointed in 1805, and now in his eighty-fourth year, may be the senior town clerk in Britain, having been also, for many years, the senior practising solicitor in Cornwall.

UNDISCOVERED CRIMES.*

THIS book is, undeniably, well adapted for railway reading. The idea of compiling such a book from newspapers and other contemporary records was a good one—we mean good for the publishers; and, if the execution shows many faults, it is, nevertheless, quite as good a work as could be reasonably expected from any workman who would be likely to undertake it. The result is a cheap volume, capable of beguiling the tedium of a long journey, which is as much as any purchaser ought to look for.

Among several stories of crime, actual or suspected, there is one of which most readers have heard a little, and many would be interested to hear more. The story of the life of the Baroness de Feuchères finds place in this book, because that lady laboured under suspicion of having caused the death of the Prince de Condé, of whose great wealth she subsequently enjoyed a share. The death of the Prince de Condé, however, is less interesting than the life of the Baroness de Feuchères, and it happens to be within our knowledge that the leading incidents of that life are truly stated in the book before us. Sophia Dawes was daughter of a poor fisherman in the Isle of Wight, and was for some years barnaid of an inn at Cowes. Her youthful beauty has been described as marvellous; and it was enduring beauty too, for at fifty years of age she looked twenty years younger, and was esteemed in Paris one of the handsomest women of the time. She possessed not only beauty but intelligence and vivacity. These gifts attracted the notice of a wealthy man who persuaded her to quit the bar of the inn at Cowes for a London school, where her education might be completed with the view to her becoming her admirer's wife. When she left school this admirer declined to marry her, but kept her in great splendour

* *Undiscovered Crimes*. By "Waters," Author of "Recollections of a Police Officer," "Experiences of a Real Detective," &c. &c. London: Ward & Lock. 1862.

as his mistress. Having a liking for the stage, she appeared a few times at Covent Garden Theatre, and in the green-room she met the Prince de Condé, then a refugee from revolutionary violence, to whose protection she was persuaded to transfer herself. She stipulated, however, that the nature of her connexion with the Prince de Condé should be concealed, and caused it to be given out that she was his daughter by an English lady, from whom he had been long separated. Afterwards, it occurred to her that her social position would be improved by the possession of a husband. Accordingly, the Baron de Feuchères, a man of child-like simplicity, and under obligations to the Prince de Condé, was persuaded, by the offer of a handsome dowry and the charms of his patron's supposed daughter, to marry her. As the book before us neatly puts it, "Him Sophia Dawes fixed upon to be her husband." It is unlikely that the Baron could have done otherwise than yield either to the Prince or to the lady, and certainly he had no chance of holding out against the two combined. The marriage having taken place, the lady could not hope, nor did she try, to conceal from her husband the nature of her connexion with the Prince. She frankly told De Feuchères that she was the Prince's mistress, not his child. He quitted her in indignation and never saw her again; but his regard for the Prince de Condé prevented his exposing the deception which had been practised on him. On the overthrow of Napoleon, the Prince de Condé was restored to his dignities and possessions. Madame de Feuchères completely governed him and his vast property, but the Prince was growing old, and his death might cast her down from her high position. It was essential that the Prince should make a will, but if he made it wholly in Madame's favour, it was to be feared that distant relations might dispute it. The device she hit on was to get him to make a will for the benefit partly of a child of the Orleans family, and partly of herself, so that the influence of a powerful house might sustain her against the Prince's relatives. The Prince, not without efforts at resistance, submitted to this her determination, and made a will by which he gave the Chantilly estate to the Duc d'Aumale, and other large properties to Madame. But the will thus wrung from the Prince might be revoked, and Madame knew that it would be revoked if the Prince should withdraw himself from her influence. This was her great fear. He had not energy of purpose to depart openly, but he had some idea of running away from her. The revolution of 1830 had now placed the head of the House of Orleans on the French throne, so that litigation in the interest of that house would not be unhelpful. The will was likely to be sustained after the testator's death, if it could be kept unrevoked during his life. It appears that the Prince was endeavouring to contrive the means of flight from Madame, with precautions not unlike those which, in other days, he might have used to escape the guillotine of the Terrorists. His preparations came to Madame's knowledge. On the morning of August 26, 1830, the Prince was found dead in his bed-chamber. A handkerchief passed round his neck was fastened to an iron window-bar, at such a height that he could touch the ground with his toes. The book before us assumes that he had been placed in this position to divert attention from the actual cause of death, but it does not offer any conjecture as to what that actual cause was. Madame de Feuchères behaved herself very properly on the discovery of the Prince's death. She dropped groaning into a chair in the dressing-room, where she was found shortly afterwards, "much recovered, and listening resignedly to words of consolation." Evidence respecting the death of the Prince was collected by an active magistrate, who suddenly found himself superannuated and his son-in-law made a judge. The suit brought to annul the will was decided in favour of the legatees. A supposed confederate of Madame de Feuchères died suddenly after dining with her. It was whispered that his price for silence had been raised too high. After a few years Madame tired of the gay life of Paris, and became a devout Roman Catholic. She sold several properties, and endowed convents and chapels. We may add, of our own knowledge, that she bought a small and pretty house in Hampshire. It was expected that she would leave the whole of her great wealth to the Church, but she made a will in favour of members of her own family. After her death, in January, 1841, that will was, with some difficulty, established. The book before us is inaccurate, both as to the persons to whom the property devolved, and as to the amount of it, which it puts, with perhaps a moderate and venial degree of exaggeration, at near a million. We happen to know that the amount divided did not exceed half that sum. Two at least of the recipients were persons who in position and education had not risen far above the grade of the Isle of Wight fisherman who was their ancestor. The latest stage of what was called the De Feuchères case was a dispute between those persons and the lawyer who had established their claim to this great inheritance. Protestations of boundless gratitude during the suit resulted, as they often do, in a strict taxation of bills of costs after its successful termination.

It is impossible to distinguish accurately between those parts of the book before us which are capable of proof and those which are efforts of the imagination, either of the author, or of the writers from whom he borrows. But enough is known for certain of the life of Madame de Feuchères to make a very strange history. The daughter of an Isle of Wight fisherman enslaved the person, and disposed at her pleasure of the estates, of the last prince of the great house of Condé. A book which contains a dozen stories of this kind can scarcely fail of being sold largely, and the blunders and faults of

taste which we observe in it are just as likely to promote as to impede its sale. To make such a book accurate a lawyer ought to write it, and a lawyer might make it dull. The story of Madame de Feuchères is the best in the book, and it is told in the best way. As an example of the style of writing to which we object, we will quote a line or two. One Richard Cheyne had saved a woman's life, but notwithstanding that service the woman's husband, who was father of the supposed narrator, did not like him:—

My mother remonstrated; but the reply of her husband always was, that he felt in Cheyne's presence as if confronted by an embodied, undefinable, but not the less real, peril—that there were dark depths in his mind unfathomable by human eyes and concealing strange monsters, &c.

We really have not patience to quote the whole of this imaginary speech by a lay vicar of Winchester Cathedral. If it is a fact, or a probability, that that worthy person said to his wife, "I don't like that man Cheyne. I don't know why; but I don't"—is there any objection to putting those words into the story except that they are all short ones? The lay vicar may have thought and said that "Cheyne was a deep one," and that simple opinion becomes, in the hands of a fine writer, what is partly seen above. Although the appetite for these stories is not altogether a healthy one, it certainly exists; and, if it is to be gratified, the preparations for so doing might as well be simplified. Long experience does, indeed, teach one to pick the story out of the embellishments without much trouble; but still it is strange that, in railway reading, so many obstacles to progress should be interposed. Here is a sample from the first page of the book, which, doubtless, the author intended to be particularly effective. The penance of having to transcribe such stuff ought to atone for many literary sins:—

The element of water moistens the earth, but blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens, wrote one of our earliest dramatists—the poetic assumption appearing to be, that the pallid cheek of the assassin, vividly reflecting by its sensitive consciousness the crimsoned hue of the overarching canopy, would make manifest his guilt.

The early dramatist, even if he were Shakspeare himself, who made blood "bedew" the heavens is sufficiently punished for the extravagance of the phrase by falling into the hands of such a commentator. Readers of early dramatists who wrote in English and other tongues are sometimes tempted profanely to suspect that those dramatists never knew exactly what they meant until the commentators appeared to tell them. Perhaps such readers might go so far as to describe the process which is under their consideration as an interpreting of one man's nonsense by another man's nonsense. If the author of this book could write Latin—which he has taken an opportunity of showing that he cannot—we would back him to comment upon Æschylus against the dullest German that ever plodded in that line of industry. "The poetic assumption appears to be"—if we may venture to reduce it into plain prose—that blood turns the sky red, and the reflection of that redness on the pale cheek of the blood-shedder makes it red also, and so his guilt appears. If it were possible to argue at all on such very high poetical diction, we should say that if the pallor of conscious guilt could by any means, artificial or supernatural, be slightly rouged, detection would become less rather than more likely. It is a melancholy proof how far public taste has become vitiated, when a book which is expected to be popular is filled with such stupendous nonsense. Is it just to say that, as the extravagance of the dramatist is to the folly of his commentator, so is the sixteenth to the nineteenth century? That would be a view of modern progress not altogether cheering.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AMONGST the publications undertaken at the expense of the French Government, and which remind us, by their character and their importance, of the gigantic collections issued of yore by the Benedictines, we must notice the series known by the title, *Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France*. The names of MM. Guizot, Thierry, Mignet, and Guérard are indissolubly connected with this enterprise, which is still carried on, and which already includes many volumes of the most important nature. The latest instalment we have to review is a bulky quarto, comprising a kind of *mystère*, or dramatic poem,* on the subject of the Maid of Orleans. The preface, written by the joint editors, is extremely amusing, on account of the downright honesty with which they acknowledge spontaneously the defects of the play itself. Nothing, they say, can be more stupid. There is no invention, no talent whatever; the style, the grammar, the spelling, are all as bad as possible; the rhymester (it would be a sin to call him a poet) has merely taken the trouble of clothing in doggerel the principal incidents of the siege of Orleans, and readers in quest of mere literary perfection will never appreciate the time spent by MM. Guessard and de Certain in publishing this work. Still, the *Mystère du Siège d'Orléans* contains a number of details which are particularly curious for their historical character; and, indeed, the merit of the author arises precisely from his being a mere common-place scribbler, whose sole object was to draw up history into octosyllabic lines for the benefit of patriotic hearers. The *Mystère* is printed from a unique MS. preserved amongst the treasures of the

* *Le Mystère du Siège d'Orléans, publié pour la première fois, etc.* Par MM. Guessard et de Certain. Paris: Didot. London: Jefs.

Vatican Library, and it is edited with all the ability for which the members of the *Paris Ecole des Chartes* have always been distinguished.

M. Armand Baschet is one of those indefatigable *savants* whom no amount of work frightens, who are never happier than when surrounded by piles of MSS., and for whom the atmosphere of a public library or State Paper office is always the most congenial. He has just returned from a protracted visit to Italy, and as the historical reminiscences and artistic grandeur of Rome possess some extraordinary fascinations for travellers, so the curious diplomatic treasures preserved in the collections of Venice have a spell from which no real *littérateur* can escape when once he is brought into contact with them. M. Armand Baschet has certainly turned to excellent account his Trans-Alpine journey, and the volume he has just published* is, in every respect, a most valuable production. It is, to a certain extent, a calendar of State papers, yet it is still more; for the author presents us, not merely with a dry index or chronological list, but with a commentary which illustrates the various documents contained in the volume, points out their true value, and shows how far they are supported by other evidence. The whole history of Europe during the sixteenth century is illustrated by the interesting State papers which M. Armand Baschet has been able to consult. An introduction explains to us, in the first place, the policy of the republic of Venice, the nature of its connexion with foreign Courts, and the peculiar character of the *relazioni* or written reports sent by the ambassadors whom it accredited abroad. The second part contains numerous translated extracts from the *relazioni* themselves, plentifully illustrated with facsimiles, and introducing us to the leading actors in an epoch when the science of diplomacy was carried farther, perhaps, than it has ever been since.

The history of the Roman Catholic reaction which occurred in France about thirty years ago, and which the names of Lamennais, Montalembert, and Lacordaire have rendered so conspicuous, is now becoming better known than it was; and the delightful volume just published by M. Trébutien† will contribute much to make it properly appreciated. Maurice de Guérin, who died young, and whose early productions in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* were introduced by no less a critic than George Sand, belonged to the small colony of pious students gathered together at La Chesnaie, in Brittany, around the eloquent author of the *Traité de l'Indifférence*. His letters, journals, and poems were printed some time since for private circulation only. The present edition, destined for a larger circle of admirers, contains a number of pieces which had never before been published. It has been thoroughly revised by M. Trébutien, and, in addition to the original essay written by M. Sainte-Beuve, the editor has judiciously inserted a long fragment of the notice which George Sand contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 15, 1840.

There are some very interesting remarks in the *Lettres sur les Animaux*‡, and the reader sees at once that he has to deal with an accurate observer of nature; but M. Georges Leroy allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds of experience and of reality. From the facts gathered during the course of his walks at Versailles and Meudon, he attempted to deduce theories which are more ingenious than true; and the mania for philosophizing seriously mars the merit of his otherwise curious work. Very probably it is this fault that makes Dr. Robinet so enthusiastic in his praise of Georges Leroy; for the disciples of M. Auguste-Comte are as fond of building irrational dreams as the *encyclopédistes* were a hundred years ago, and the conclusions of a writer who sees everywhere nothing but physical causes, and who uniformly sacrifices mind to matter, could not but be particularly agreeable to the adepts of Positivism. Dr. Robinet's preface informs us that Georges Leroy was captain of the Royal hunt at Versailles. Born in 1723, he became connected with the leaders of the philosophic set, and attracted the notice of D'Holbach, Diderot, Naigeon, and others belonging to the same clique. He contributed several articles to the *Encyclopédie*, and, in addition to various minor productions, he published the *Lettres sur les Animaux* successively in three different newspapers.

Under the title *La Peinture Française au XIX^e Siècle* §, M. Ernest Chesneau has collected together some amusing and instructive essays on French contemporary artists. He begins his volume with the school of David, and terminates it with the Exhibition of 1855. Since that date, as he remarks, the old schools have been broken up, the opposition between the *classique* and *romantique* tendencies has ceased, and amidst the general uncertainty which prevails, it would be difficult to establish a reasonable classification of recent artists. M. Chesneau's introduction contains a rapid sketch of the history of French painting from the time when David's celebrated picture "Les Horaces" substituted the classical, or what was then called the sculpturesque style, for Boucher's mannerism and the studied simplicity of Greuze. He then devotes a series of chapters to Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonnier, Flandrin, Ingres, and Delacroix, and concludes by some appendices illustrative of various details which he could not con-

veniently dwell upon in the text. M. Chesneau is evidently an accomplished artist, for without a thorough knowledge of painting it would be impossible to appreciate so well the masterpieces displayed in the galleries of the Louvre. His critiques are also distinguished by great fairness, and the book is written in a very agreeable style.

Madame de Sévigné is one of those characters about whom there seems to be always something new to say. Her popularity has never yet been called in question; and if M. Hippolyte Babou had really meant to write the biography of all her admirers, he might easily have filled a good-sized library. We suppose that he is himself a *preux chevalier* of the *séillante marquise*, and that the literary atmosphere of the French seventeenth century is his natural element. But if so, why does he adopt the fashionable neologisms of the present day? What would the denizens of Versailles think of an adjective like *frivolistes*, or an expression like *modistes démodés*, more particularly when M. Hippolyte Babou laughs at writers who employ the word *individualité* because it sounds so much grander than *caractère*? We will not, however, quarrel with the author of *Les Amoureux de Madame de Sévigné** on account of a few grammatical niceties. We prefer the pleasanter task of thanking him most heartily for an amusing and brilliant gallery of portraits taken from the golden age of French literature. The principal title of the book we are now noticing is really only that of the introductory essay. After a couple of papers on Ménage and Bussy-Rabutin, we find a series of sketches of the virtuous ladies of the seventeenth century. They are seven in number—fit though few, the reader will say—but we must hope that the heroines eulogized by M. Babou are only specimens of a much more extensive company, although the atmosphere of Versailles was never quite the proper medium for the growth of virtue. Several other sketches referring to well-known personages of the Louis Quatorze period complete the volume.

We notice here M. Knepflin's memoir on the "Benefactors of the Poor," for the sake both of the valuable advice contained in the preface, and of the biographical sketches he has given us of M. de Monthyon, M. de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, M. Lambrechts, and other philanthropists. His work is unfortunately too sketchy in its character, and the documents contained in the appendix are not sufficiently complete to be useful.

A Paris publisher has announced for immediate issue a detailed account of the life and labours of the late Hellenist M. Boissonade. Let us, in the meanwhile, call attention to an excellent *recueil* of disquisitions, collected and reprinted by M. Emile Egger, that gentleman's successor at the Institute.‡ The author of the *Mémoires de Littérature Ancienne* candidly acknowledges that the several essays he has now gathered together betray their origin; but he adds, and we cordially subscribe to his opinion, that they are not devoid of all interest, for they touch not upon questions of passing interest, but upon points of importance connected with history and classical literature. M. Egger's volume contains twenty-one chapters, forming as many distinct essays. These are preceded by a biographical sketch of M. Boissonade, and the concluding pages embrace a few interesting particulars about M. d'Eckstein, the celebrated linguist, lately deceased.

M. Francisque Bouillier has long since established his reputation as one of the ablest French metaphysicians of the present day. His history of Cartesianism, published several years ago, is considered with justice to be the most complete work on the subject which it treats, and his contributions to M. Hachette's *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques* are generally esteemed by competent critics. He has now undertaken to revive the famous theory of *animism*, which the talent of Stahl rendered so popular in former times §; and on this account his new volume deserves to be studied with equal attention by medical men and by philosophers. We do not wish to enter here upon the discussion of the question between M. Bouillier and his adversaries; but the historical part of the book deserves high praise. M. Bouillier is at home whenever he assumes the character of an expositor of other men's systems; and the readers most opposed to *animism* and *animists* will find much that is worth reading in his reflections on Descartes, Joffroy, and Maine de Biran.

Of books referring to travels, the number seems as great as ever. Every writer who has supplied one of the Parisian journals with a couple of *feuilletons*, and whose imagination is not quite strong enough to combine all the perplexing episodes of a fashionable novel, starts for some expedition *outré-mer*, and in due course returns provided with a manuscript, in the preface of which he proves that all those who have previously visited the country in which he has sojourned were utterly disqualified for describing its physical character, or appreciating the manners of the inhabitants. M. Charles d'Expilly belongs to this class of tourists.¶ He does his very best to seem impartial; he wishes to be considered neither a *pamphlétaire* nor as a *thuriferaire*; but it is quite evident that his admiration of Brazilian society is of the faintest description. We are sorry to say, moreover, that *Le Brésil tel qu'il est* is a volume from which two-thirds could be suppressed

* *Les Princes de l'Europe au XVI^e Siècle, d'après les Rapports des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*. Par M. Armand Baschet. Paris: Plon. London: Jeffs.

† *Maurice de Guérin, Journal*, &c. Publié par M. Trébutien. 2^e édition, considérablement augmentée. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Lettres sur les Animaux*. Par Georges Leroy. Paris: Poulet-Malassais. London: Jeffs.

§ *La Peinture Française au XIX^e Siècle*. Par Ernest Chesneau. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

* *Les Amoureux de Madame de Sévigné*. Par H. Babou. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

† *Les Bienfaiteurs des Pauvres au Dix-neuvième Siècle*. Par Edward Knepflin. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Mémoires de Littérature Ancienne*. Par M. Emile Egger. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs.

§ *Du Principe Vital et de l'Âme pensante*. Par Francisque Bouillier. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs.

¶ *Le Brésil tel qu'il est*. Par Charles d'Expilly. Paris: Jung-Treutzel. London: Jeffs.

without the slightest injury to the real subject-matter about which it professes to treat.

M. Alfred Jacobs is not a man to introduce humour into geography, and to combine fiction with science whilst discoursing about foreign lands. His only aim is to be accurate and complete.

The volume entitled *L'Afrique Nouvelle**, without being, strictly speaking, a scientific work, contains a great number of details which illustrate various points of great interest to science. The problem of the Isthmus of Suez Canal is elaborately discussed, and its realization within a very short period confidently announced. The history of the island of Madagascar and that of the colony of Liberia suggest likewise to the author a variety of remarks of a political character. Apart from questionable topics, however, the work may be considered as an excellent *résumé* of the narratives of Lander, Clapperton, Livingstone, and other travellers who have explored that still comparatively unknown continent.

It is the opinion of sundry publicists that Poland is dead, politically speaking, and they ascribe this state of prostration to the despotic influence of Russia. Prince Troubetzkoy takes quite a contrary view of the case.† He starts from the principle that both Russians and Poles have a common origin, and he concludes that union is the best way of promoting the interests of both. "Putting aside the fact of this union," he says, "every other combination would merely prepare a series of disasters for Poland. The struggle for supremacy carried on by extreme parties would exhaust the country; then a state of subjection to Germanism, identified with Prussia, must necessarily follow, and finally a social revolution, entailing the most terrible catastrophes." Of course Prince Troubetzkoy maintains that all those who have hitherto written on the Polish question are hopelessly ignorant or incurably prejudiced.

We have before us a book written for the purpose of representing Paris civilization in its true colours, and of proving that some of the merits claimed on behalf of *la Capitale du Monde Civilisé* are either exaggerated or altogether fictitious.

M. Pelletan‡ has no reason to complain of the treatment he has received from his Parisian contemporaries; but he detests the pretensions of Paris to assume the supremacy in all things. The worship of success, of pleasure, and of money, which prevails everywhere, excites his indignation. He sees the commonest notions of morality gradually becoming obsolete, and he believes with many others, who would speak out if they dared, that "sybaritism" must ultimately destroy the wholesome influence of the family, and, consequently, the very foundation of society itself. M. Pelletan's distinguishing intellectual feature is common sense. There is about him no rant, nothing in the least like grandiloquence, though he is full of enthusiasm for liberty and progress. We are glad to find that in *La Nouvelle Babylone* M. Pelletan has stepped beyond the circle of mere abstractions, and has characterized as they deserve some of the men who have most contributed to lower in France the standard of public morality. He is justly severe on that school of literature which seeks to interest by vulgar scandal or highly coloured descriptions of the *demi-monde*.

From a batch of novels now accumulated before us, we shall select a few which deserve a little more attention than the rest. Under the title *Le Roman de Flavio* § who would expect to find the history of Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and the Court of Naples? M. Xavier Eyma is not devoid of talent, and the first chapters of his book are extremely interesting; but a great falling-off is noticeable as the narrative goes on, and it seems as if the author was fairly tired by the effort he had made to produce at the outset something really striking. M. Farjat, whose name we do not recollect having yet met on a bookseller's catalogue, writes like a man determined upon continuing the traditions of the humourist school, and picking up the mantle of M. Alphonse Karr. *Une Adresse Illisible* || is a tale of the flimsiest description, remarkable for neither intrigue nor depth of observation; but here and there we discover a true thought tersely expressed, and an amusing paradox which compensates for the rubbish amidst which it is lost. The volume which M. Léon Gozlan has entitled *L'Amour des Lèvres et l'Amour du Cœur* ¶, comprises three stories, the first two being decidedly the best. With M. Gozlan the reader is always sure to find good writing, and that sort of *desinvolture* of which none but experienced novelists possess the secret. He introduces the present collection by a tale of the most tragic character, whilst the second, relating to the reign of Louis XV., is a rather droll, and somewhat too faithful copy of the free and easy morality of the eighteenth century in France. It would be impossible to put in a stronger light the contrast between the works of fiction of the present day and those of former times than by turning from M. Gozlan to Madame de Bawr. *Raoul ou l'Enéide* **, of which a new edition has recently been published, is a tale which would very likely seem dull to readers familiar with the productions of

the contemporary school. Although extremely romantic, it is thoroughly proper. The style is remarkable for its elegance, and the delineations of society it contains have about them all the fineness and accuracy of touch which characterize a woman's composition.

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ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, CEREAL, &c., SHOW will commence on Wednesday next, October 8.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, and Gourd SHOW at SOUTH KENSINGTON, October 8, 9, 10. The Roots, Cereals, and Gourds will remain on exhibition until the 15th. October 8.—Doors open at One o'clock. Bands at Two o'clock. Admission, Half-a-Crown. October 9, 10, 11, 12 to 15.—Doors open at Nine o'clock. Bands at Two o'clock. Admission, One Shilling daily.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION and ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDEN.—GREAT FRUIT, &c., SHOW, October 8. The Garden will be open at One o'clock. Visitors cannot be admitted either from the Exhibition to the Garden or to the Exhibition through the Garden, before that hour.

HORTICULTURAL GREAT SHOW, Wednesday next, October 8. Doors open at One o'clock. Royal Artillery and Scots Fusilier Guards' Bands at Two. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," OPEN EVERY DAY, from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly (will shortly close). Admission One Shilling.

CHEMISTRY.—Dr. Hofmann, F.R.S., will commence a course of Fifty Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry on Monday, October 6, at 10 o'clock, to be continued on every week-day but Saturday. These Lectures will be delivered at the Laboratory of the Royal School of Mines, Oxford Street. Fee for the course, 5s.

METALLURGY.—Dr. Percy, F.R.S., will commence a course of Fifty Lectures on Metallurgy on Monday, October 6, at 12 o'clock, at the Royal School of Mines, Jernyn Street, to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, at the same hour. Fee for the course, 5s.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The following new publications of this Society are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Society's Office, 11 Hanover Square, W., from M. J. Rothschild, 14 Rue de Bucy, Paris, and 2 Quatrevingt, Leipzig; from Messrs. Longmans & Co., or through any Bookseller.

1. Transactions of the Society, Vol. IV, Part 2, Sec. II., concluding the Fourth Volume. 4to. with 1 plate by Wolf, 2s. Containing papers by Dr. F. L. Schuster, on the Striped Birds in the Society's Menagerie, and by J. H. Gurney, Esq., M.P., F.Z.S., on *Aspidos* *desmoulii*.
2. Transactions of the Society, Vol. V, Part 1, 4to. with 15 plates, 2s. Containing a memoir by Professor Owen, F.R.S., on the Skeleton of the Gorilla.
3. Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1861, Part 1, for January—March, and Part 2 for April—June, 7s. each.
4. Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, with Illustrations, 1861, Part 1, for January—March, 15s.
5. List of Vertebrated Animals living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, 1861, 4to. 1s. 6d.

The Illustrations to the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, from 1846 to 1860, may now also be obtained in separate Volumes, as follows:—

				£ s. d.
Mammalia	1 vol. 62 plates			3 3 0
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Fellows of the Society are entitled to purchase all the publications at 25 per cent. less than the price charged to the public.

P. L. SCHUSTER, Secretary.

* *L'Afrique Nouvelle*. Par Alfred Jacobs. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

† *La Pologne n'est pas Morte*. Par le Prince Alexandre Troubetzkoy. Paris: Poulet-Malassie. London: Jeffs.

‡ *La Nouvelle Babylone. Lettres d'un Provincial en Tournee à Paris*. Par Eugene Pelletan. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs.

§ *Le Roman de Flavio*. Par Xavier Eyma. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

|| *Une Adresse Illisible*. Par Farjat. Paris: Amyot. London: Jeffs.

¶ *L'Amour des Lèvres et l'Amour du Cœur*. Par Léon Gozlan. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

** *Raoul ou l'Enéide*. Par Madame de Bawr. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

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By Order, E. NAINBY, Secretary.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a considerable proportion of the Shares in the above Company being subscribed for, the allotment will take place on the 8th OCTOBER NEXT, by which date all applications must be sent in, either to the Bankers, Brokers, or Secretary.
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MESSRS. DEBENHAM, STORR, & SONS beg to announce that their next Quarterly Sale of Select Property will commence at their Mart on Monday, October 6. Catalogues forwarded on application.
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SECRETARYSHIP WANTED, by an Oxford M.A., aged 35, of some private means, conversant with French and Italian. Highest References. Address, M. A. R., Post Office, Chertsey.

MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS, for the Sons of Gentlemen (exclusively), 13 Somerset Street, Portman Square. The October Term will commence Monday, October 6. Hours of Study, from half-past 9 to 1 o'clock. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

HORBURY HOUSE OF MERCY, for the Recovery of Fallen Women and the Care of the Aged and Infirm.—The Foundation Stone of the New Buildings of this Institution was recently laid by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, and Donations are earnestly solicited towards their completion.
Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. John Sharp, Horbury, near Wakefield.

INVERNESS ROYAL ACADEMY.—RECTOR WANTED
For this Institution, to enter upon the duties by the 1st day of November next. He will be required to teach the Latin and Greek Classes, and to exercise a general superintendence over the other four Masters. The salary is guaranteed at the rate of £300 a year, including Class Fees for the first three years. Any further information will be communicated on applying to Robert Smith, Solicitor-at-Law, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Candidates must lodge their applications and testimonials on or before the 22nd day of October next.—Castle, Inverness, September 27, 1862.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The Session will be publicly opened on Monday, November 3, 1862, at two o'clock P.M., when an address to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir David Brewster.
Full details as to Classes, Examinations, &c. in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1862-63," published by Messrs. EMMERTON & DOUGLAS, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Is. 6d.
By order of the Senate, ALEX. SMITH, Sec. to the University.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL ASSOCIATION.—LIMITED.
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The system pursued is, as nearly as possible, that of the Public Schools; and during several years boys trained at Lincoln have obtained very high distinctions at Shrewsbury School and the Universities, as well as in the Middle-class Examinations.
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MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S GREEK and LATIN CLASSES
FOR LADIES.—The Michaelmas Term (when Ladies can join any of the Classes) will commence on Monday, October 6. Miss DREWRY is forming Classes for Younger Pupils. She also prepares Boys in Classics for the Public Schools, &c., and reads with Private Pupils.—51 Finchley New Road, N.W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Christi Coll., Cambridge; late Assistant Examiner of Direct Indian Cadets, and of the Indian Civil Engineers; and for some years Assistant Mathematical and Classical Professor in the R. I. Military College at Addiscombe, prepares SIX PUPILS, and has at present a Vacancy.—Address, The Lines, Croydon.

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30	1 1 9	2 18 4	30	3 7 6	1 4 2	0 12 3
40	1 9 2	2 18 4	40	3 7 6	1 4 2	0 12 4
50	2 2 6	4 5 0	50	3 7 6	1 4 2	0 12 5
60	3 6 8	6 12 4	60	3 7 6	1 4 8	0 12 6

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